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JOHN BULL

Vol. XII. No. 309 | SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1912. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—Byron.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

TERRIBLE TITANIC TRUTHS

SEE PAGES
554 & 555

THE NEWMAN & OXFORD STREET FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.)

hold an immense stock of genuine high-class Second Hand ANTIQUE AND MODERN FURNITURE, £200,000 worth of high-class goods for sale, including FURNITURE, DRAPERIES, BEDDING, CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PIANOS, ETC., ETC.

The following is an abbreviated list of Furniture and Effects lately removed from

Milton Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens.
Drayton Road, Harlesden.
Dunsford Road, Wimbledon Park.
The Avenue, Chingford.
Maud Street, Rhyl,
and Elsewhere.

THE DINING ROOMS, ETC.,

comprise the following: Set of 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs, Georgian period, 14 guineas; Georgian Sideboard to match, 11 guineas; dining table to match, extending, £7 10s.; Bookcase to match, 6 guineas; very massive oak Sideboard, £5 10s.; Overmantel to match, £2 5s.; Extending dining table, £2 10s.; 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs in carved oak, 40 guineas; Sideboard, very finely carved, in oak, to match, 12 guineas; 3 Chesterfield Settees, £3 10s. each; 6 very fine Lounge Club Divan easy chairs, 27s. 6d. each; Carved Oak Dining Table, 4 guineas; Carved Oak Overmantel, £2 10s.; Saddlebag suite, £4 15s.; another dining-room suite, £3 15s.; Massive carved oak Sideboard, with oxydised copper fittings, bevelled plate glass, 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs to match, extending dining table, heavy curb suite, £15 10s. the lot; similar set in fumigated oak, £13 10s.; 10 real Turkey carpets, about 9 by 12, at 7 guineas each; 4 Turkey carpets, about 9 ft. 6 ins. by 12 ft. 6 ins., £8 10s. each; 20 Turkey rugs, from 25s.; numerous carpets in Tapestry, Axminster and Velvet Pile, all sizes, in thoroughly good condition, to be sold without any reserve; a most elegant Grand Piano, 18 guineas; an upright Grand Piano, 12 guineas; another by Adolph Achumann, 18 guineas; another, by Carl Strauss, 22 guineas; several Grand Pianos by Broadwood, Emil Pauer, Collard and Collard, Bluthner, and Bechstein; 3 Hall Stands, 18s. 6d. each; hall chairs, from 7s. 6d.; and all necessary effects for completely furnishing Dining Rooms, Smoke Rooms, Libraries, Studies, etc., etc.

40 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Amongst numerous other articles are the following: All Brass square tube Bedstead, complete with spring mattress, £3 15s.; 10 Black and Brass Bedsteads, 12s. 6d. each; 12 White and Brass Bedsteads, 17s. 6d. each; 21 Oak Combination Bedsteads, 15s. 3d. each; pair Twin Brass Bedsteads, £5 10s.; full size Black and Brass Bedstead, with wire spring, overlay bolster, and 2 pillows, 45s.; massive 2 ft. pillar bedstead, with sanitary woven wire spring, 20s. 6d.; all brass bedstead, heavy pillars, almost new, £2 10s.; 6 Solid Oak Bedroom suites, complete, £4 10s. each; 6 White enamelled Bedroom Suites, Louis XV. period, £7 10s. each; 4 large solid Walnut Bedroom Suites, £9 10s. each; 6 Sheraton design Bedroom suites, £7 10s. each; very fine Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 12 guineas; 3 Gents' Wardrobes, fitted with trays and drawers, £7 10s. each; a Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £28; very fine Italian Brass Bedstead, 13 guineas; Sheraton design bedstead, complete with bedding, £4 5s.; Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £35; 7 ft. Satinwood Bedroom Suite, fully inlaid, £100; pair of Bedsteads to match, £20; 6 ft. 6 in. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, £60; 7 ft. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 70 guineas; Sheraton design Bedstead to match, £9 10s.; 6 ft. Satinwood Bedroom suite, fully inlaid, £50; 6 ft. Olive wood Bedroom suite, almost new, 40 guineas; 12 Chests of Drawers, £2 10s. each; 2 Inlaid Sheraton design Cheval Glasses, £4 10s. each; and several other Bedroom Suites and Bedsteads, all to be sold without any reserve.

THE DRAWING ROOMS

include a very fine Chesterfield suite, upholstered in silk, most elaborate, £25; another Chesterfield suite in silk tapestry, £12 15s.; Satinwood finish Drawing Room suite, £8 15s.; large size 6 ft. Chesterfield and 2 easy chairs to match, £15 15s.; a Satinwood finish Cabinet, 8 guineas; Vernis Marten Cabinet, 14 guineas; Buhl Cabinet, £12 10s.; very pretty Boudoir Suite, 4 guineas; another, 6 guineas; 6 Chesterfields with adjustable ends, covered in art tapestry, £3 10s. each; 10 easy chairs, 25s. each; 25 Occasional Chairs, 6s. 6d. each; Occasional tables, from 20s. each; Satinwood decorated centre table, £2 5s.; Satinwood decorated China Cabinet, 13 guineas; Satinwood decorated Overmantel, £3 5s.; Gilt Drawing Room suite, 14 guineas; an all brass Fender Suite, 4 guineas; 6 Gilt chairs, 15s. each; 3 Gilt Berger chairs, covered in silk, 10 guineas each; Baby Grand Piano, 40 guineas; pair 9 light Candelabra, 7 guineas; 3 gilt suites covered in French silk, £8 10s. each; Curio Table, 30s.; 6 White enamelled Overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; 4 Axminster carpets, with borders, about 11ft. by 14 ft., £7 10s. each; several other Axminster and Velvet Pile carpets; large quantity of Sheffield plate and silver; also table linen, bed linen, draperies, etc., etc.

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Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following claim has been received for our issue of February 24th, 1912:—

Gunner F. E. Matthews, Nursing Orderly, Station Hospital, Fort Attolk, India. No. 527951. February 24th, 1912.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 6th:

10906	166760	356813	536029	667041
18312	170687	378863	557828	675772
22337	184898	396477	566545	685493
31660	200116	409987	567755	717514
56130	231642	430851	583906	733030
71004	251160	446640	598983	736497
80890	266760	463639	614586	750445
86992	305065	481400	630001	752589
124210	327958	502095	649960	753932
152304	340872	521924	666403	774317

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JUNE 1ST (PUBLISHED MAY 30TH, 1912).

The John Bull League.

OBJECTS: To Stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to Create a Robust and Self-reliant Public Opinion; and to Promote a Common Sense Business Government for a Common Sense Business People.

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The General Secretary,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XII. No. 309. Week ending Saturday, May 4th, 1912. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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MR. BOTTOMLEY

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QUEEN'S HALL,

LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.,

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SATURDAY, MAY 11th, at 8 p.m.

(Doors open 7 p.m.),

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

OUR MEETING.

We find that the seating capacity of the Queen's Hall is not quite so large as we imagined, and we begin now to wish that we had taken the Albert Hall, as we originally intended to do. We are, however, allocating the tickets as fairly as possible to the various districts—with, however, a little special consideration for South Hackney.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

Rumour is again busy with the impending resignation of Mr. Asquith; but we have reason to believe that he intends to see the Home Rule Bill through before relinquishing the reins to—Sir Edward Grey.

A CORRECT VALUATION.

Assuming Mr. Justice Darling to have been correct—as he usually is—in ruling in the recent case of Whiteman *versus* Ourselves that there had been a technical libel, the jury undoubtedly placed full value—namely, ¼d.—upon the plaintiff's character. Personally, we think they took a too generous view, but the exigencies of our coinage left them no alternative.

AN "ENLIGHTENED" PRESS.

But for the tragedy of it all, we should be amused at the simulated astonishment with which the general Press has received the figures relating to lifeboat accommodation on passenger vessels. "To most people," says one of our leading contemporaries, "it has come as a startling and painful revelation that the *Titanic* carried lifeboats and other similar means of rescue sufficient for only about half of the passengers and crew." Even now our friend has not got the figures right—he should have said one-third.

THE CHURCH AND THE DISASTER.

We have deliberately refrained from quotation of and comment upon the "explanations" given by various professional divines. Speaking generally, they are creditable to neither their intelligence nor their religion. More to the point is the view expressed by a North of England Nonconformist Minister, that the Board of Trade regulations are as obsolete and antiquated as though they had been drawn up at the launching of Noah's Ark; though even he forgets that this particular barque was under the special protection of Providence. It is only fair, however, to remember that, as far as we can gather, there was no panic or disorder at any time, which, considering the extent and mixed character of the freight, is remarkable.

PARLIAMENTARY "STYLE."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* takes us to task for having used the word "piffle" in the House, and quotes "an old Parliamentary Hand" as considering the incident as "the Last Nail as far as Parliamentary 'style' is concerned." That Parliamentary hand cannot be very old. Does he remember Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, for instance, calling upon the Opposition to "Stop this fooling"? Has he heard the words "liar," "traitor," "coward" during the past few years? We have rather prided ourselves upon the fact that, however stupid our matter may have been, the style has been correct. Did not we once ask Mr. Speaker to tell us the Parliamentary term for "spoof"? After all, "piffle" is a harmless adjunct to our language, connoting a word we have frequently heard from both sides of the House—"rot"!

THE *Titanic* FUND.

Several correspondents have asked us to open our columns for subscriptions to this fund. We should have done so before, but assumed that most of our readers would probably have contributed through their own daily papers. In addition to this, we had to bear in mind their regular generosity towards our own "Human Documents." If, however, any JOHN BULLITE cares to forward a subscription, we will gladly be the medium for passing it on to one or other of the central Funds.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 578*

Lost Treasure.

Has it ever occurred to you what an enormous amount of treasure has gone down to the bottom of the sea, whence, having regard to the depth in those parts, it is certain it will never be recovered? So far as jewels and actual money are concerned, they are of course lost for ever, but what about the thousands upon thousands of pounds represented by letters of credit, bank drafts and bank notes carried by the wealthy passengers? Are we to tolerate the automatic addition of this vast wealth to the horde of unclaimed bank balances and securities already in the hands of British bankers? Surely one of two things should be done—the banks should either advertise particulars of all such letters of credit, bank drafts, etc., known to have been handed to *Titanic* passengers shortly before the departure of the vessel, or, in the alternative, advertise particulars for the information of the heirs. I venture to make this suggestion to Mr. Buxton.

A Fortnightly "Skinful."

During the debate on the Scottish Temperance Bill in Grand Committee last week, Mr. McKinnon Wood, the Scottish Secretary, expressed the opinion that it is better to get drunk once a fortnight than to take drink habitually every day. Should this pronouncement result in a change in the habits of the people, we hope they will not all select the same day for their fortnightly carouse, or the dislocation of business throughout the country would be appalling. At any rate, it is absolutely essential that the day chosen by the police for *their* bi-weekly bout shall not synchronise with the orgie of the general public, lest the Scriptural description of the "blind" leading the blind become too literally confirmed.

"A Change of Title."

Is it true that, when established some sixty years ago, the United Kingdom Alliance defined its object as "The *immediate* suppression of the Liquor Traffic," and that a few years ago the word "immediate" was quietly dropped?

After the *Titanic*—?

Just a word about the overcrowding of the Tube and Underground railways. Every morning and evening passengers are packed away in the carriages like sardines in a box. It is no part of our business to make the flesh of people creep, but we would ask them just to imagine what would happen should only a minor accident occur when the carriages are crowded to suffocation. Perhaps the "Board" of Trade will see to this. By the way, is there an "Advisory Committee" to deal with such a matter?

Important Army Order.

We take the following extract from Army Orders, dated April, 1912:—"0.113. Allowance Regulations Amendments. Paragraph 56 B, lines 5 and 7. Before 'mutton' insert 'boiled.'" Now we know where we are. But what about beef? Are we to read "roast" or "boiled"—or "canned"? And then as to the carrots. Perhaps Colonel Morgan, our much-belauded Messing Adviser, will explain. We are almost tempted to add to our parliamentary offence in regard to "piffle" a request to "stop this 'messing'"!

The Butcher.

A Birmingham street bookmaker has been arrested by a detective disguised as a butcher delivering meat. The bookmaker was about to make two bets; and when gathered in various slips were found upon him. Of course the policeman produced the steaks!

Ladies First.

Some ladies are hard to please, Mrs. Laura Aberconway, of Belgrave Square, being one of them. Life is of less value to a woman than to a man, she says. Why, then, in shipwreck, should a woman be considered first? "Possibly because a woman has risked her life for every man born" (but also for every woman, neither more nor less, dear lady). "For this service we women disdain to take payment," she says. "Our gift is free. An equal chance of life is all that women in danger should ask or take from any man." The truth is that if the chance of life involves a fight for the chance there can be no equality. On the hypothesis, women would have no chance of life at all. The lady of Belgrave Square would know this if she had ever seen feathers fly and hair come undone during the struggle for a seat in an early morning tramcar. Women are not only the weaker, but the gentler sex; men bow them into the boats in shipwreck as they bow them into their places anywhere else. "The ladies; God bless them!"

What is the Custom of the Customs?

We are supposed to enjoy Free Trade in this blessed island, but our custom-houses are still as vexatious as most of those on the Continent. "Landing at Tilbury the other day," says a correspondent, "I made a mistake in declaring the number of my cigarettes. I was obviously not trying to smuggle, for my incriminating hundred were packed at the very top of my trunk. But the jack-in-office eyed me very sternly, and proceeded to unpack every bit of luggage I possessed, even opening tins of tooth-powder, probing pyjama-pockets, and reducing my chattels to the confusion of a rag-bag. As I was not fined or made to pay duty, I can only surmise that this vexatious treatment was intended to be punitive. I wonder if the gaberluny acted on his own initiative or obeyed the orders of an inept department."

Munchausen II.

Mr. A. Savage Landor has been informing credulous journalists that he and six Brazilians dispensed altogether with food for sixteen days when exploring last year. This is almost as wonderful as some of his adventures in Thibet, where he was tortured so brutally that no marks remained on his body. On that occasion, it will be remembered, a telegram was sent to the press announcing "A Savage Landor captured in Thibet." This was expanded as follows: "We are informed that a savage landor has been captured in the interior of Thibet. This ferocious little animal has hitherto eluded the pursuit of all the keenest Nimrods of the age, but now," &c., &c.

The Bulls and the Bacon.

A week or two ago the spirit (or something) moved Mary to say that we were considering about competing for the Dunmow flitch—which is awarded annually to the married couple willing to take their affidavit that for a year and a day they have neither had a difference with one another nor wished themselves unwed. Now Mr. C. Anderson, the secretary of the Flitch Committee, writes us to say that he has great pleasure in enclosing us the necessary form for submission to the Grand Jury, also a booklet describing previous celebrations. This is quandarious, and we must take further thought. Meanwhile we can answer two of the questions submitted off-hand—"What is the husband's favourite recreation? . . . What is wife's ditto?" Our favourite recreation is getting into hot water; Mrs. Bull's is trying to keep us out of it.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 577.*

ANOTHER TAME STAG HUNT.

In face of the dastardly cruelty involved in the hunting of tame stags, surely it is time humanity forbade the "sport." The Rev. S. A. Cox, rector of St. Peter's at Wallingford, describes a scene he recently witnessed. A carted stag, having been hunted for miles, was at last driven into the river, striving with all its might to get into a position of safety in an uncongenial element. We have pictured in these columns even more brutal and more revolting scenes than this. The men and women who indulge in them call themselves "sports," when in fact they are nothing, in the sense of sport, but inhuman ruffians.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

By the time these lines are in print, the ratepayers of Harold Wood (Essex) will have made their decision by solemn ballot whether or not they will adopt the Lighting and Watch Act of 1833. In the meantime the inhabitants have been circularised by John Page, William Willats, George Wall, George Winfield, James Crane and W. Fisher, from whom we gather there has been strenuous opposition to the proposal. For instance, they say "one gentleman claims that the Creator intended His crops to be in darkness during the night, otherwise He would have provided a light." In a crushing rejoinder, therefore, they assert that "by the same argument, being born without a shirt, we should go about naked; if this is so, let him set the example, it might assist the naturalist in finding the missing link." Is not this what somebody has called reparty?

SAME OLD GAME.

A registrarship being vacant under the Stockport Guardians, the Board have decided to advertise the post. On the face of it this looks all fair, square and aboveboard, but when it is mentioned that the successful candidate has already been chosen and that the advertising is merely a repetition of the old farce for which public bodies in this country are now making themselves so famous, it is obvious that the best advice we can give to those about to apply as candidates is, *Don't.* An outsider has no more chance of getting that job than he has of flying to the moon.

A BRISTOL INSTANCE.

What is going to be done at Stockport was done at Bristol a few days ago. The Watch Committee, having to appoint an Assistant Inspector under the new Shops Act, advertised the post, one hundred applications were received, the farce of interviewing "selected applicants" was proceeded with in the usual solemn fashion, and—Mr. Cann, son of the Chief Constable, was chosen! A similar process has distinguished Bristol on other occasions. Under the last Stamp and Licence Act the Council discovered that the best man for the post was the Town Clerk's father-in-law, while when the post of High Bailiff was going the only fit and proper person for it was the Chief Constable's son. All which proves (once again) that it is better to be born lucky than rich.

ENTERPRISE IN MONTREAL.

The police and magistrates handle phrenologists so roughly in this country that it is not at all surprising some of them should emigrate to Canada. A week or two ago a phrenologist in Montreal offered his services to the mayor to "feel" all applicants for civic offices. Perhaps if he had worked that idea in England he would have been recognised even by the police as a long-felt want. Why doesn't he apply for a post as official bump-feeler to some of our own municipal bodies?

SLUMS IN MONTREAL.

Recently Mr. Rufus Smith, of the Montreal Charitable Organisation Society, stated at a meeting that the slums of Montreal were as bad as those of London. The result is an illustrated account in the *Montreal Star* of Canadian slumdom, which shows, with other things, how much of its prosperity is on the surface and how conditions are being built up even in a small and scattered population which in a few years will leave little to choose between the Canada of to-morrow and the London of to-day. In one instance the investigators found "fifty people eating, living and sleeping in a six-roomed flat." "They found human beings in damp holes in the ground, no better off than the rats for shelter; they found dark courtyards giving way to courtyards, and alleys to sub-alleys, in which were rookeries and shacks and converted stables and cellars and caves, all swarming with men, women and children—conditions which are a disgrace to civilisation and a humiliation to the human race." And this in the most boasted El Dorado on earth! Canadian emigrants, beware!

NO VACANCIES.

Advertisement from the *Morning Albertan*, Calgary, Canada: "Wanted, two well-dressed men to work out of doors. Salary. No Englishman wanted. Apply 34, Cadogan block, 11 a.m. to-day. Be punctual if you want the job." Once again: Canadian emigrants, beware!

HORRIFIC.

There is a man in Brighton, domicile 14, Waterloo Place, and name W. D. Stokes, who is sending out printed circulars alleging that he is "a true and faithful servant of God, directed by God to show the dreadful state of things if the Roman Catholics in Ireland have Home Rule." This is the Divine revelation: "Tens of thousands of Protestants would be robbed of their property and cruelly tortured to death, as it was in 1641, when upwards of 100,000 Protestants were tortured to death by Roman Catholics." It may be true; but there are some things which neither Sir Edward Carson nor Mr. John Redmond would believe.

PORTSMOUTH FOLLY.

Serious complaints are made to us by tradesmen in Queen Street, Portsea. Briefly, they say that after the recent fire the street was barricaded for 500 yards because the premises had been rendered unsafe, yet not until the following Friday evening were the burnt buildings shored up, and not until Saturday afternoon was the street again opened for traffic, the trading loss for the week being considerable. Evidently the Corporation employ officials who are not in a hurry to make haste—except when they want to collect the rates.

SUNDAYS AT DOVERCOURT.

According to the petition of sundry ministers of religion in professional practice in the little watering-place of Dovercourt, in Essex, the horrors of the Continental Sunday will be introduced into the place if the local Corporation permit the band to play in the afternoons, as they seem to have done in past seasons. It will also "interfere with the work of the Sunday schools," they say. But not everybody is in Dovercourt to go to Sunday school. Many no doubt prefer the balmy air to snoozing in an armchair, and for these the band will assuredly discourse as a boon and a blessing. Let the Corporation of Dovercourt leave the sanctimonialists to their own devices, and do their best to make Sunday pleasant for the rest of the population and visitors.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 573*

PORK SAUSAGES.

Mr. Herbert Samuel will not permit advertisements of intoxicating liquors to appear in the Post Office stamp-books because they are offensive to a large section of the public. But he sees no objection to pork sausages! What say his co-religionists?

FOOD AND DRINK TRAFFIC.

While it is true that the only thing essential to the perfect enjoyment of a sausage is confidence, this is really no reason why the Postmaster-General should accept sausage advertisements for his stamp books and reject advertisements from the brewing and distilling trade, by means of which the State does not scruple to benefit to the extent of millions sterling a year. Unlike Mr. Samuel, we note that the land of the Scotch does not exalt sausage above whisky. At any rate, when the question of advertisements in the Official Guide was raised recently in the Edinburgh City Council it was decided that they should not be barred merely because they said their best for whisky; which is business common-sense.

"PRUDENTIAL" METHODS.

Another "Prudential" agent, Mr. H. Gates, of Downham, has been distinguishing himself. To give this gentleman his due, he has discovered a new method of putting on the screw; that is to say, he has used his position as a Guardian of the Poor to obtain the payment of insurance premiums on the threat that he would do his utmost to prevent further relief being given to a certain pauper. To make the threat more official, and, we presume, more effective, he issued it on paper bearing the heading of the company. "Is this the way you serve me after getting your mother parish relief?" he asked in his first letter. "I worked very hard to get her the 2s. Time after time the Board would not entertain it because of your sister's illegitimate children, and if once I move in it, it would be taken off at once. I have not settled with this, if you have. . . ." "If it had not been for me to-day," ran a second letter, "I am sure your mother would have lost her 2s. 6d. a week on account of your sister, but I spoke up for her. . . . Your mother came to see me this morning before the Board met, and I went up at once and spoke for her. I have just seen her again. What about your insurance?" The enterprise of Mr. Gates is another instance of the peculiar methods of the Company. As it was obvious to the Local Government Board, as it must be to everybody else, that Mr. Gates was unfit to be a guardian of the poor, or indeed a guardian of anything or anybody else in public affairs, they sent to Downham an Inspector, who told the Guardians that it might be his duty to put the facts before the Public Prosecutor. Mr. Gates therefore confessed that he had done wrong, and apologised, the Guardians immediately afterwards demanding his resignation. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Gates remains an agent of the Company. Personally, we expect to see him promoted.

STRANGE SUGGESTIONS.

We have received many strange suggestions in regard to the *Titanic* disaster, one being that vessels should always keep within a mile of each other! That is, a constant string of them across the water. Another was that the boats should hunt in pairs. The strangest of all, however, is that "all liners should be connected by endless cables, so that they could always be in direct communication." We must make that gentleman President of the (present) "Board" of Trade.

ANOTHER *Titanic* ENQUIRY.

We should be glad to know who is paying the expense of advertising the Mansion House subscriptions in the various newspapers. Surely the money is not coming out of the Fund? If so, it should really be rechristened "The Newspaper Relief Fund"—presumably designed to counteract the slump during the coal strike!

THE VERY IDEA!

One of the *Olympic's* firemen who declined to sail remarked to an interviewer, "Our lives are as good as those of the passengers." What audacity! The next thing he will be saying is that their lives are as good as those of the White Star directors. These men must be taught their place. Ask Mr. Ismay.

ANOTHER SHOCK.

We have had another shock. Speaking at the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, Lord Muskerry (once of the King's Navee) said, among other things, that he hoped one result of the coming *Titanic* Inquiry would be a reform of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade. "The head of the Department," he proclaimed, "should be a man with professional knowledge." Just think of that! Lord Muskerry is a genius.

ROOSEVELT ON LIARS.

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Witness, indignantly: "That is my business."

Counsel: "Any other?"

"Why do the shipping companies prefer the shortest route?"

"Because life is short, I suppose."

"Yes, but why make it shorter?"

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"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 572.

PORK SAUSAGES.

Mr. Herbert Samuel will not permit advertisements of intoxicating liquors to appear in the Post Office stamp-books because they are offensive to a large section of the public. But he sees no objection to pork sausages! What say his co-religionists?

FOOD AND DRINK TRAFFIC.

While it is true that the only thing essential to the perfect enjoyment of a sausage is confidence, this is really no reason why the Postmaster-General should accept sausage advertisements for his stamp books and reject advertisements from the brewing and distilling trade, by means of which the State does not scruple to benefit to the extent of millions sterling a year. Unlike Mr. Samuel, we note that the land of the Scotch does not exalt sausage above whisky. At any rate, when the question of advertisements in the Official Guide was raised recently in the Edinburgh City Council it was decided that they should not be barred merely because they said their best for whisky; which is business common-sense.

"PRUDENTIAL" METHODS.

Another "Prudential" agent, Mr. H. Gates, of Downham, has been distinguishing himself. To give this gentleman his due, he has discovered a new method of putting on the screw; that is to say, he has used his position as a Guardian of the Poor to obtain the payment of insurance premiums on the threat that he would do his utmost to prevent further relief being given to a certain pauper. To make the threat more official, and, we presume, more effective, he issued it on paper bearing the heading of the company. "Is this the way you serve me after getting your mother parish relief?" he asked in his first letter. "I worked very hard to get her the 2s. Time after time the Board would not entertain it because of your sister's illegitimate children, and if once I move in it, it would be taken off at once. I have not settled with this, if you have. . . ." "If it had not been for me to-day," ran a second letter, "I am sure your mother would have lost her 2s. 6d. a week on account of your sister, but I spoke up for her. . . . Your mother came to see me this morning before the Board met, and I went up at once and spoke for her. I have just seen her again. What about your insurance?" The enterprise of Mr. Gates is another instance of the peculiar methods of the Company. As it was obvious to the Local Government Board, as it must be to everybody else, that Mr. Gates was unfit to be a guardian of the poor, or indeed a guardian of anything or anybody else in public affairs, they sent to Downham an Inspector, who told the Guardians that it might be his duty to put the facts before the Public Prosecutor. Mr. Gates therefore confessed that he had done wrong, and apologised, the Guardians immediately afterwards demanding his resignation. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Gates remains an agent of the Company. Personally, we expect to see him promoted.

STRANGE SUGGESTIONS.

We have received many strange suggestions in regard to the *Titanic* disaster, one being that vessels should always keep within a mile of each other! That is, a constant string of them across the water. Another was that the boats should hunt in pairs. The strangest of all, however, is that "all liners should be connected by endless cables, so that they could always be in direct communication." We must make that gentleman President of the (present) "Board" of Trade.

ANOTHER *Titanic* ENQUIRY.

We should be glad to know who is paying the expense of advertising the Mansion House subscriptions in the various newspapers. Surely the money is not coming out of the Fund? If so, it should really be rechristened "The Newspaper Relief Fund"—presumably designed to counteract the slump during the coal strike!

THE VERY IDEA!

One of the *Olympic's* firemen who declined to sail remarked to an interviewer, "Our lives are as good as those of the passengers." What audacity! The next thing he will be saying is that their lives are as good as those of the White Star directors. These men must be taught their place. Ask Mr. Ismay.

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THE "TITANIC" TRAGEDY.

156 WOMEN AND CHILDREN AMONGST THE DROWNED, BUT THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMPANY SAFE!

A WORLD-WIDE AWAKENING—PUBLIC INDIGNATION AT OFFICIAL NEGLIGENCE.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

God is said to move in a mysterious way, and the churches are telling us that this *Titanic* tragedy was the divine means of rebuking us for our modern methods of luxury and bustle. Maybe; but I do not like the argument—I keep thinking of those 150 women and little children lying at the bottom of the sea! But we cannot deny the fact that the disaster has come as a world awakening, with the result that those of us who, during recent years, have been tilting away at the ineptitude of the present system of so-called Government, are now assisted by the lurid light of an outraged and disillusioned public opinion. Of course the Party leaders are making a desperate effort to save their skins. "Let us have an Inquiry," says the Government—which is the expedient of all Governments when in a corner. "Hear, hear," says the Leader of the Opposition—which is the habit of all Leaders of Oppositions when their own party is involved in the trouble. And so we are to have a Wreck Court set up under the presidency of my Lord Mersey—who, notwithstanding the breakdown in health which necessitated his retirement from the Bench two years ago, has certainly evinced a public vigour and activity for which he is entitled to all praise.

THE COURT OF INQUIRY.

Last week I said that the appointment of this Court was a mere device for killing time, whilst public feeling is cooling down. For evidence of the dilatoriness of such inquiries we have only to look at the loss of the *Oceana*, which has not yet been investigated, though it occurred months ago. Here again the boats were inadequate and badly handled, with the result that some of them capsized, though the vessel was much lower in the water than the *Titanic*. The *Waratah* Inquiry was an utter farce—the real cause of the sudden loss of the vessel being known to every shipping man, though the fear of libel has so far prevented it being mentioned. The world moves rapidly in these days, and in the course of twelve months the *Titanic* disaster will have begun to fade from men's minds; only the bereaved families will remember it in all its ghastly details. What is this Court of Inquiry to do?

The Act of Parliament is beautifully vague upon the subject. There is no specific issue left to be determined by the Wreck Commissioner, and, taking the various sections together, it is obvious that what the legislature had in mind was the determination of the culpability of the master and officers in regard to a wreck. There is, however, one clause seemingly designed for the simple purpose of saving the face of the "Board" of Trade. It is sub-section 5 of section 446 of the Act, and it reads as follows: "It shall be the duty of a person who has applied to the Court to hold a formal investigation *to superintend the management of the case*, and to render such assistance to the Court as is in his power."

In this case the "Board" of Trade has applied for the investigation—and it is the "Board" of Trade which, as I contend, is primarily responsible for the catastrophe!

Now, Lord Mersey is an extremely able and learned Judge—*but he is a lawyer;* and as such he will probably consider himself bound by the terms of the reference to the Court, and will not permit the words of the section to be stretched to include the real question of the culpability of successive Governments in having allowed the Lifeboat Regulations of 1894 to remain in force practically unchanged, whilst the tonnage of ocean liners has increased from 10,000 to 50,000. The prevention of wrecks is, of course, the primary object to be achieved, but in view of the certainty that no precautions devised by mankind can be infallible, provision for life-saving appliances is almost as vital a consideration—and this is just the point which, in my view, the Inquiry will burke. I have no faith in "voluntary action" by shipping companies. They may make a concession to public sentiment, but when the panic has subsided, dividends and deck decoration will once more dominate the policy of the directors.

MR. BRUCE ISMAY.

I have been blamed in some quarters for the strictures I passed last week upon Mr. Bruce Ismay, the Chairman of the White Star Line, but I am sorry to say that I do not see my way to modify them. Nothing will ever convince me that when he stepped into that lifeboat he was honestly under the impression that there were no women and children on board (we now know that no less than 156 of them went down); but even if such were the case, I adhere to my view that so long as there was one passenger on the ship—though he might have been the humblest emigrant—Mr. Ismay's place was there also. All this talk about his mental distress on account of the victims, *after he was saved*, leaves me quite cold. He represented the Company which had taken payment from the passengers for the voyage, and common decency demanded that they should be given the first chance of escape.

BOARD OF TRADE SHUFFLING.

I am sorry for Mr. Sydney Buxton. As I said in the House, I regard him as one of the hardest working and most conscientious men on the Treasury Bench. But he is the victim of a vicious system, and its traditions and influences are too strong for him. Not until Sir Henry Dalziel and others had shown their teeth, did the President of the "Board" take the House into his confidence as to the arrangements for the Court of Inquiry; he can do nothing without first consulting his subordinates. When I reminded him that this is the season of the year when the excursion steamers apply for their Passenger Certificates, and suggested that they should be withheld unless undertakings were given to increase the lifeboat accommodation, I was told that I must give notice of such a complicated question! I should have thought that the urgent necessity for prompt action was indisputable. When I asked whether, pending the result of the findings of the Court, the Board would issue revised Regulations—which it has statutory power to do—in regard to lifeboat accommodation, Mr. Buxton said: "In this most important and complicated matter I must act in the light of the fullest information and the best expert advice that can be obtained." I was under the impression that the existing Regulations, now demonstrated to be utterly inadequate, were the outcome of that "best expert advice"! And then followed this official claptrap, for

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which I am perfectly sure Mr. Buxton is not personally responsible: "The question of diminishing the risk and of mitigating the effects of accidents to passenger vessels at sea involves not one, but many elements, and needs to be reconsidered as a whole, in the light of the new facts established by the recent disaster. Otherwise it might easily result that by attending exclusively to one form of safeguard we actually create new risks." What bearing such a reply can have upon the simple question whether the Board will not at once exercise its power of demanding more lifeboat accommodation, is a problem which only the official mind can solve!

Finally, Mr. Buxton lays stress upon "the voluntary action contemplated by the great passenger lines themselves with regard to boat accommodation." What the crew of the *Olympic* thought of such voluntary action all the world now knows. *My* only surprise is that they did not strike when they were first warned in the columns of this journal.

I challenge the Board of Trade to put 57 people in a 30 ft. collapsible boat and leave them there for three hours. Within that period she will have sprung so bad a leak as to founder. The worthlessness of these makeshifts was strikingly proved by the *Titanic*. One collapsible boat could not be opened; the third mate took the people out of the other, because she was waterlogged, and put them into his own lifeboat—luckily for them. These contrivances, as a matter of fact, are most complicated, and exceedingly difficult to open and fix, and in the case of a panic, or when attempted to be handled by inexperienced men, would be quite useless. Those which were placed upon the *Olympic* had been removed from troopships lying off Netley, and had been long exposed to the action of the sun and rain! Oh, that "Board" of Trade!

The Advisory Committee.

It was, I believe, only after the veil had been drawn aside laying bare the mythical character of the Board that these various Advisory Committees were appointed to assist the President. But what on earth is the good of a voluntary, irresponsible body of this kind? We have it from Mr. Buxton himself that the Committee did nothing except to furnish a Report in July last, the value of which may be gauged from the fact that when at length the "Board" became aware of its existence (it having been, in accordance with official custom, pigeon-holed for over six months) it was immediately sent back for revision—as far as I can tell, immediately after the *Titanic* disaster, but for which it would doubtless have gradually found its way into a new set of Regulations. What do you think they would have been? That, although the life-saving accommodation on passenger vessels beyond 10,000 tons should be increased, all ships fitted with watertight compartments should be entirely exempt from this requirement! One has only to look at the composition of the Committee for an explanation of its uselessness. It is dominated by the ship-owning and ship-building interests—the very element against which the Board of Trade has, in the interests of the public, to be ever on its guard.

It is truly significant that the Hon. A. M. Carlyle, who designed the *Titanic*, should have put in davits to carry nearly three times the number of boats she had on her ill-starred voyage, being under the conviction that the Board would compel this extra accommodation to be provided. Despite this, he is stated to have said that the ship had *enough* boats—and he apparently concurred in the Report which Mr. Buxton issued in answer to my question, to the effect that in the case of vessels fitted with water-tight bulkheads the present miserable statutory number of boats might safely be cut down!

Startling Figures.

I have before me the table furnished by the White Star Line "showing the number of men, women and children of each class, together with the crew, and the number and percentage saved in each category." It is ghastly reading. Speaking generally, it shows (1) that only a third of those on board were saved; (2) that of the women 336 only out of 439 were rescued; (3) that of the 1,662 men, all went down except 315, whilst (4) out of 105 children, 52 only escaped. In other words, that 103 women, 53 children and 1,347 men, travelling on the latest and most up-to-date ocean liner, fitted with life-saving accommodation "in excess of the requirements of the Board of Trade," equipped with water-tight compartments, and in the opinion of "experts" absolutely unsinkable, have lost their lives.

That, however, is but a superficial view of the figures. Let us look into them a little more closely, and we shall find much food for thought. For instance, practically all the first and second class women passengers were saved, but only half of the third class ones; all the first-class children and all the second-class children, but less than one in three of the third-class children, escaped; whilst, as regards the first, second and third-class men passengers, the difference is striking, the saved being one in every three of the first-class, one in every twelve of the second-class, and one in every eight of the third-class. I think the explanation is to be found in the fact—and my opinion is supported by that of an authority with forty years' experience of passenger steamships, but who yet lost himself on the *Titanic* when he went over her—that a great number of the third-class women passengers could not find their way through the labyrinth of passages, staircases and corridors to the first-class quarters which lead to the boat deck. Again I say, I cannot swallow Mr. Ismay's story as to what he believed to be the position of matters when he boarded the lifeboat. It won't do.

A Business Policy.

The above are a few considerations which cross my mind in the light of events which have occurred since I wrote last week. Every additional fact, as it becomes known, strengthens the case for a Business Government, a branch of which will, of course, be a Business Board of Trade. Imagine any body of commercial men or any Board of Directors allowing their enterprise to be governed as the "Board" of Trade has permitted the shipping industry of the country to be conducted during the past twenty years. A Business Government would have made Regulations requiring (1) every passenger vessel to carry lifeboat accommodation for every soul on board—with regular lifeboat drill and daily inspection of all life-saving appliances; (2) the fitting of all such vessels with a wireless installation, and with day and night operators always at hand; (3) the compulsory rendering of relief by all passing steamers to any vessel in distress; (4) the avoidance of all known iceberg zones; (5) the compulsory slowing down of all vessels whenever warned of danger; (6) the omission from the Board of Trade Regulations of such loopholes as: "All such additional boats or rafts shall be placed as conveniently for being available *as the ship's arrangements admit of*"; (7) heavy penalties and cancellation of Certificate for gross overcrowding of vessels; (8) every passenger's ticket to bear the number of the boat to which he is assigned in the event of emergency; (9) boat decks and passages leading thereto from all parts of the vessel to be lit with lamps independent of the electric installation; (10) all boats to be furnished with self-igniting distress signals, and to be provisioned with food in hermetically sealed tins—at present water (frequently far from fresh) only is required.

Oh, for a Business Government!

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 578*

CURING A "ROARER."

A COMIC-OPERA COURT-MARTIAL.

The following account of a Court-Martial held at Tempe, South Africa, is another illustration of our rotten military system.

Colonel Larnder and Lieutenant Hodgins, of the Army Veterinary Corps, were the prisoners. A general officer sat as president of the Court, and five colonels were members. A King's Counsel defended.

The charge was that, instead of carrying out an order to destroy a troop horse some considerable time ago on account of "roaring," the accused had kept it alive for the purpose of experimenting on it with a new cure, and had "forwarded a certificate to the Principal Veterinary Officer at Pretoria, stating that the animal had been destroyed, when it was actually living."

The defence of the Lieutenant was that Colonel Larnder had authorised the trial on the horse in question of a new remedy which had met with success in England, and that he sanctioned the sending of the official sheet stating that the horse had been destroyed. Colonel Larnder's defence was that the Principal Veterinary Officer had given him permission to have the horse operated on and had instructed him to send in a certificate that it had been destroyed.

The Principal Veterinary Officer in his evidence admitted he *might* have given verbal sanction for the operation to be performed, but he denied giving instructions for the forwarding of the certificate referred to.

Four witnesses swore that at a subsequent inspection by the P.V.O. the "dead" animal galloped past him, and said it was explained to the gallant officer at the time by Colonel Larnder that this was the horse whose death certificate had been sent to him.

The horse was really destroyed six months after the commencement of the treatment, in spite of the fact that the cure was practically complete.

The Court found that the Lieutenant had merely carried out the order of his superior officer, and that the Colonel had acted in accordance with the sanction of the P.V.O.

Talk about farce and wanton waste of the taxpayers' money! It appears to us that this animal, costing probably £50, was destroyed simply to make the Horse Register of the Veterinary Department in South Africa balance. Officially it was dead—so it had to be destroyed!

And this reminds us of another story of Army officialism. Some years ago a private in a line regiment "died" in India, and was deposited in the dead-house. Some hours after, the Regimental Pioneer Sergeant (who, by the way, was an Irishman), went to measure the "corpse" for a coffin. To his dismay he found signs of life, and reported the matter to the Principal Medical Officer. The "dead" man was subsequently restored to health; but he never received pay for the day during which he was lying in the mortuary, because during those twenty-four hours he had been "struck off the strength of the regiment." Indeed, it was suggested by the Pioneer Sergeant that the "dead" private should be tried by court-martial for "playing a dirty trick on the officer who had certified him dead"!

MASTERS AND MAN.

HIGH-HANDED AND ILLEGAL ACTION.

A correspondent informs us that some time ago his employers gave him notice, and at its expiration informed him that his salary would be withheld until a money order which had gone astray in the post was traced. He asked the firm to put this in writing. They accordingly wrote and expressed their regret that they were "compelled" to withhold the salary due, but said they would be glad to hand it over "as soon as the postal order was satisfactorily accounted for."

Such a high-handed action on the part of the employers is illegal, and we advise our correspondent to sue immediately in the County Court for the salary they wrongfully withhold. To say the least, they insinuate dishonesty; they also refuse to give a character, and in view of the fact that our correspondent has an aged mother dependent upon him their conduct is contemptible.

THE PARSON AND THE DOG.

A CLERICAL STICKLER FOR THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

A Sunderland reader tells us that his dog, which he describes as a very valuable Aberdeen terrier, left temporarily in the charge of a lady in the neighbourhood of Chester-le-Street, got lost. The lady gave notice to the police, and was informed a short time afterwards that the animal was chained up at the house of the Rev. Alured de Moleyns, of that place. On application being made for it, the following communication was received:

> In reply to your letter I beg to state that if a dog is not claimed for seven days after notice to the police having been given of the finding of the same, the dog becomes the property of the finder. In the present case, we gave notice and had the dog ten days. The name on the collar does not make any difference. The way the dog was called for was also wrong. We could not tell who he was or whether he had any right to call or anything at all and the servant ought to have told the man to wait till we came in from Church, and the man should have known that seven on Sunday we should not be in and have waited. The least thing you could have done was to write saying when you would call for the dog. Your messenger, also, when he went away should have gone to the police here and told them he had taken the dog away. We were put to trouble and expense buying biscuits, etc., and after the seven days were up buying a lead and brush and comb for him. I think that now you will see why you were illegal and wrong in acting as you did.

This communication is certainly strange, in view of the fact that the rev. gentleman could have been in no doubt as to the name and address of the owner, seeing that both appear on the dog's collar. Perhaps our rev. friend will refer us to the verse in Scripture which, in his view, justifies such conduct.

REDEEMING A RING.

A HARD CASE FROM EDINBURGH.

An Edinburgh reader sends us a pawn-ticket issued by Mr. James Anderson, of 21, Schipka Pass, Glasgow. Owing to a flourish of the pen in making it out a cursory glance at the document conveys the idea that the transaction was entered into on March 18th, 1911, though a very close scrutiny establishes the fact that it was really on the first of that month. Our reader certainly construed it as the 18th, and on March 20th last—as she believed, within the year and seven days allowed by law for redemption of a pledge—forwarded to Mr. Anderson the amount of the interest money, 5s. 6d., on the loan of £1. She was much surprised to receive an intimation that the ring, valued by her at £3, had been sold, as the ticket was dated the 1st, not the 18th. It is certainly a very hard case.

By-the-way, the extract from the Act of Parliament, printed on the back of the ticket, appears in such small type as to be illegible without the aid of a magnifying glass. Surely there should be some legal provision that the important part of the statute should appear in characters readily decipherable.

Another flaw in the Act seems to be that, although it is laid down that a pawner may, within three years after the sale by the pawnbroker of an unredeemed pledge, inspect the account of the sale in the pawnbroker's books on payment of a penny, and receive any surplus produced by the sale, in cases such as the present—in which the pledger lives at some considerable distance from the pawnbroker's shop—there is apparently no obligation on the part of the pawnbroker to convey by letter any information regarding the disposal of the article, despite the offer to pay any reasonable fee for the trouble incurred.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

From a correspondent:—

> I was born on the 3rd day of February, 1870, on board the *Lord Elphinstone*, one day's sail from East India. My father at the time was a private in the 21st Royal Scots. Questions: (1) Can I claim the Freedom of the City? (2) Is there anything due to me as regards to money, as my father was a Service man, and I being born upon the high seas? If so, where should I make application?

As they say in the House, the answer is in the negative.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 577.*

KENDAL'S NEW POLICE FORCE.

FOR THE PROSECUTION OF VERMIN HUNTERS, TRESPASSERS AND OTHER "FELONS."

Kendal, the principal town of Westmorland, is just now swarming with policemen, there being, apart from the Borough force, 183 se f-e ec e minions of the law, bound by solemn compact for the hunting down of certain miscreants whom they are pleased in their detestation of the practices of these wretches to brand with the most opprobrious epithet in legal nomenclature.

For, not only do these zealous guardians of the peace include robbers, housebreakers, and shoplifters in their list of "felons," but hedge-breakers, shooters strolling about with guns and dogs, vermin hunters—even campers-out by the roadside who shall dare to light a fire, and malefactors of that sort—are all assigned to the same category; while trespassers who shall so far sink in the depths of wickedness as to stroll off the footpath or indulge in a game of football, or pitch-and-toss, are a type of felons who will be specially looked after.

This self-righteous and self-constituted body of policemen—will it be believed there are among them policewomen too?—has taken to itself the imposing name of "The Westmorland Association for the Prosecution of Felons," and has issued broadcast throughout the district a proclamation, printed in red letters, which reads as follows:—

> Westmorland Association for the Prosecution of Felons. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned (here follow 183 names), having entered into an association to defend our several properties against the depredation of robbers, housebreakers, shoplifters, hedge-breakers, shooters strolling about with guns and dogs, vermin hunters, persons pulling down fences taking up drains, throwing off gates, making unlawful roads, running trail hunts, disturbing cattle, camping and making fires in the township roads, etc., and in order that those who so offend may be properly punished, a reward will be given to any person who shall be the means of convicting any such offender or offenders.
>
> N.B.—Poachers, night hunters, and especially all persons strolling off footpaths with dogs, rabbit coursing, playing pitch-and-toss, or football, will be strictly looked after.
>
> Committee for 1912.
>
> (Here follow twelve names.)

One wonders what the Kendal Borough police force think of this precious document, which is known to the common people as the "prosecution bond," and which infers that the Kendal Borough constabulary is totally inadequate to cope with the desperate malefactors which, one learns for the first time, infest this lovely "gateway of the English lakes."

It would also be interesting to know what the good people of Kendal think of their new police force.

Rumour has it that not very long ago one of these "prosecutors" was himself brought before the local borough bench, and fined for unlawfully shooting a pheasant—a species of "felony," which was expiated by the payment of a fine of 20s.; but rumour was ever a lying jade.

It is, at all events, hard to realise on perusing this sanguinary document that we are now in the twentieth century. But perhaps the Kendalian still breathes the spirit of rigorous repression of mediæval times.

CHEAP CHARITY.

AN INGENIOUS SCHEME FOR TRADING ON THE "TITANIC" DISASTER.

Under the striking heading, in large type, "*Titanic* Disaster. Urgent appeal to Hampshire, etc.," some enterprising individuals advertise in the *Southampton Times* that £150 will be given by the proprietors of a certain book for the relief of the Southampton sufferers, etc., "providing at least 30,000 applications are immediately forwarded for copy of above great work of striking and absorbing interest. Post free, 4½d. only, from Christian Reform Organisation, 77, Victoria Street, Bristol. Sympathisers.—Pray help us in this urgent and earnest effort to comfort the sorrowing!" After allowing for postage on the "great work," the proprietors apparently hope to net at least £300 by this ingenious scheme—which to our mind does more credit to their heads than their hearts.

THE COLONEL AND THE SERGEANT.

WHAT SAYS THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER?

We have had a call from Colonel Francis Skelton Fitzpatrick, of Acton, with reference to a case which seems to deserve the investigation of the Chief Commissioner of Police. On February 18th he was driving a motor-car in Willesden Lane when he collided with a motor cyclist. We need not go into the facts of the case, except to state that he was summoned and convicted for failing to give proper warning of his approach, the principal witness against him being a police sergeant. The case lasted nearly five hours, the Colonel protesting that he did everything possible to avoid the collision. Now for the sequel.

On April 22nd Colonel Fitzpatrick brought an action in the Marylebone County Court to recover the sum of £13 7s. 2d. damages for injuries to his car, and the cyclist counter-claimed £94 13s. 6d. against the Colonel for damages in respect of the same matter. There was judgment given, with costs, for the Colonel on both claim and counter-claim, the Judge remarking that the evidence of the police sergeant seemed very unsatisfactory.

We suggest to the Commissioner of Police that this is a case for official inquiry.

A LAME DOG'S LAME TALE.

TODD-POTTS' PECUNIARY POEMS.

The notorious beggirg-letter writer, T. Todd-Potts, is again on the job. Here is a letter received by one of our readers, who asks our advice in the matter:—

> DEAR SIR,—You will without doubt remember me as the author of the "Lays of Faith and Love," as I am in very reduced circumstances, having met with a series of both domestic and financial troubles, which have left me with my mother, besides three little children dependent on my literary efforts. I have had the enclosed lyric set to music which I publish at 2s., and I should be deeply grateful, if you would purchase a copy. Remembering Chas. Kingsley's words:—
>
> "As the thing that's nearest,
> Tho' it's dull at whiles;
> Helping when we meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles."
>
> Thanking you in anticipation of an early reply,—I am, dear sir, your obedient servant, T. TODD-POTTS, Litt.D.

Our advice is that he should neither forward the 2s. nor return the sheet of music. Let Todd-Potts make a personal call for it.

Todd-Potts is one of those extraordinary persons whose vagaries suggest a weak mind, were it not for the fact that behind them there is always some device for obtaining other people's money.

FEE-SNATCHING FIRMS.

THE REASON FOR POLICE INACTION.

From time to time we have exposed fee-snatching firms, the majority of which have been bogus employment agencies. Strange as it may seem, not one of the rascals has been prosecuted by either the London County Council or the City authorities, for the simple reason that they have no jurisdiction! The law says that all employment agencies must be registered, the maximum penalty for default being £50. Now, what has happened in the many cases we have brought to the notice of the authorities? Simply this: they have visited the "firm" and ascertained that a bogus agency was being run. Such being the case, one would naturally suppose that a prosecution would follow. Not a bit of it, however. Being a "bogus agency" it is not an "employment agency" at all; therefore, whoever happens to be running the concern goes scot-free! The police can, therefore, do nothing but wait for someone to lay a charge under the common law of obtaining money by false pretences, and failing that, the fee-snatching gentleman smiles and continues robbing the very poor with impunity.

We must get the Employment Agencies' Act amended.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 576.*

BEHIND THE VEIL OF LONDON LIFE—III.

SAD STORIES FROM RESCUE HOMES—THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF PARENTS.

By Our Special Commissioner.

[This week we continue what is proving to be a startling series of articles by Our Special Commissioner, giving the result of an extensive investigation, upon which he has been engaged for some time past, into the hidden life of London—the Modern Babylon. We shall do our utmost to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the most fastidious reader, but the story we have to tell is a solemn and momentous one, and will, we trust, be of incstimable service to the community.]

I have already stated that there are 500 Rescue Homes for girls in the British Isles. Reviewing them as a whole, I have no hesitation in stating that they are performing a charitable work, but to say that these institutions are able to permanently "rescue" even so small a portion as 10 per cent. of those who enter them would be to state that which is not a fact. That those who control these institutions do everything in their power to place the girls again on the straight path is quite true, but they fail miserably. Let me give a few illustrations that have come within my personal knowledge.

(1) A good-looking girl of about five-and-twenty—healthy and full of life. To my astonishment I learnt that she was a married woman. When this girl came into the room with the matron there was not the slightest look of shame upon her face. This is her story:—

At the age of 20 she married a carman who was earning 21s. a week. Previous to marriage she had been a tailoress. When the first baby came, the mother found it rather hard to make ends meet, but she struggled along all the same. On signs of baby number two, her husband fell out of work, and there used to be constant quarrels. Bit by bit the home was sold up. Her second baby was born in the workhouse, a neighbour looking after the elder child. When she was well enough to return "home," she did so. Her husband was at this time in casual employment. From this point I propose letting the girl tell her own story. She was a typical East-Ender:—

"When I got 'ome with me byby," she said, "I lit a fire and made some tea for meself. Then I fetched in the other kid. After a bit me old man came in. 'E 'adn't been in long before 'e started chewin' the fat. Rent was owin', and things was in pawn, and 'e said all this was owin' to me extravigence. That did it. I chucked 'im over the byby—the other kid was laying on the bed. 'E took the kid quiet like, then 'e said, 'Emma, there's only one thing for it, yc'll 'ave ter go out ter work.' 'Yes,' I said, 'so I will,' and I 'opped it, leaving him with the kid in his arms."

"But you don't mean to say that you left your two little children in that heartless fashion," I asked.

"Not 'alf," she replied, with a wicked toss of her head. "Let 'im 'ave the bloomin' 'ump. I 'ad it long enough. What business 'as 'e 'avin' kids if 'e cannot keep 'em?"

The matron told me that the girl had been in the Home some ten days. She had been picked off the streets in a state of semi-drunkenness. She was not without money, and was paying for her maintenance. "What do you think will become of her?" I asked. She did not know. The ten days' rest had undoubtedly done her much good from the physical point of view. But she absolutely refused to go back to her husband, although he was quite willing to take her, and she flatly told me that even if she could obtain a situation at her former trade, she would not accept it, on account of the starvation wage.

It may be said that this girl liked the loose life. But she didn't. She simply loathed it. All the same, she preferred it to a life of struggle, as the mother of a family, on a guinea a week.

A Birmingham Girl.

(2) A frail, pale-complexioned girl, who stated that she was 18 years of age, was introduced to me at one of the Rescue Homes. She had been an inmate for about six months, and was being trained for domestic service. This girl's ruin was brought about by a Birmingham procuress. I have her Statutory Declaration, which states that she was drugged and ruined at the age of 15. Her parents were in poor circumstances, and do not seem to have exercised a proper control. When their daughter was missing from home they did not inform the police, as they should have done, the consequence of which was that the girl drifted. One day she was arrested and charged with robbing one of her "friends" of a gold watch. She was acquitted owing to lack of evidence. In court, however, the account of her sad life was told, and she eventually agreed to enter a Rescue Home. At the time I write she is in domestic service. Will she be able to keep her place? I doubt it, for even if she had the inclination there are male acquaintances who will surely find her out and induce her to lead the old life again.

A Shocking Betrayal.

If any illustration will show the absolute necessity for parental instruction of girls in the principles governing human existence, when they are about to leave home for a business career, I think the following will serve:—

(3) The parents of the victim of this case had a large family, all girls. The eldest of these is now 23, and the mother of a child three years old. Here is the story: I refrain from publishing the name of the blackguard who ruined the girl, and others, because I have deep sympathy for his father, a much respected vicar.

At 20 years of age the subject of this story took a position as lady's help in a well-to-do family in the country. She was prepossessing and very religious.

In course of time she became a Bible-class teacher. The curate was a man of the Smyth-Pigott type. Before he had known this girl a month, he had sown the seeds of her misfortune. The simple girl, living in the ecstacy of a new passion, abandoned herself as her betrayer wished. In the course of time it became obvious that she was about to become a mother. The curate, seeing the very difficult position he was in, persuaded her to go home and confide in her parents. She did so, and of course they were shocked. Her father at the earliest possible moment paid a visit to the curate, and extracted from him a written confession of guilt (which I have before me) and a promise to marry. The child was born, however, without the promise being fulfilled, for at the same time the curate was working the ruination of this girl he was distributing his favours to at least two others. He could not marry all three, and as the facts gradually became known, there was a scandal and he was unfrocked. In the circumstances, a spirit of charity should have prevailed in the hearts of the parents, instead of which the girl was railed at for being a "sinner," and her life was made a perfect hell upon earth. She left home and drifted. Being a good girl at heart, however, she struggled and obtained another situation. For three years she managed to support herself and child; then failing health began to make her anxious. In utter despair she brought her case to the notice of *Mrs. Bull*. Investigations were set on foot. Her story was proved true, and she was helped. It will naturally be asked, what became of the curate? All I can say is that he left the country. I have traced three of his victims. The betrayed girls have my sympathy also, but I have nothing but scorn in my heart for those parents who so callously sent out into the world a child with not even an elementary knowledge of the pitfalls of life.

Each of the three cases here mentioned—as readers will see—is of a different character. The first is purely a question of the economies of the home. The second was the victim of a procuress, and the third was undoubtedly the victim in the first degree of pseudo-"religious" training. I could give, at least, a hundred similar cases that have been brought to my knowledge.

Next week I shall deal with some of the public places of resort in London.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—See page 577.

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A Land Agent says :—
"I wish to assure you of the great benefit I have derived. Although my course was interrupted by a long illness, no part of the good derived from your training was lost."

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"Previous to having taken up the Course I was a Chronic subject to mind-wandering. I am pleased to inform you that I have derived considerable benefit, and feel my powers of concentration much stronger. I cannot speak too highly of your scientific system of mental training which is simply perfect."

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"The lesson on the memorisation of figures is one of particular interest to me, and it is pleasing to me to say that the aid your system gives me has far exceeded my expectations."

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"On completion of your course I now take the opportunity of offering you my sincere thanks for the undoubted benefits I have received."

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"The lessons are very interesting, and most logical and plain in principle. I enjoy the study of them, and feel benefit when I school myself into Pelman ways of thought."

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THE PELMAN SCHOOL OF THE MIND,
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London, W.C.

A "PAROCHIAL POTENTATE'S PONY."

GUARDIANS WHITEWASH THE MASTER.

In our issue of April 6th we charged the Master of the St. Pancras Workhouse with building, without permission, a stable in the workhouse grounds, and keeping therein for his own use a pony and trap, the cost to the ratepayers being about £100. We also pointed out that the horse-ambulance for the workhouse had to be kept at Kentish Town—over a mile distant, *because there was no accommodation on the workhouse premises.* Here is the sequel: We quote from the agenda paper of the St. Pancras Guardians for their ordinary meeting held on April 5th:—

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INTERVIEW WITH MR. DISMAY.

"And about your latest boat, Mr. Dismay?" inquired our representative.

"Oh, the 'Giganticus,' you mean. Well, it is not only the largest ship afloat, with its 15,000,00 -ton register, but it represents the last word in ocean-going luxury.

"Her apartments include an exhibition the size of Earl's Court, the Botanical Gardens and the Crystal Palace knocked into one. There are twelve theatres and four opera houses, two dozen golf courses, and a music-hall where the plays of Shakespeare are permitted, but that's neither here nor there. Sixteen massed bands perform twice daily, and there is a bicycle track.

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The mighty man threw out his mighty chest and coughed a mighty cough as he recited a mighty list too long to print.

"You astonish me!" gasped our representative.

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"Sink!" bawled Mr. Dismay. "Sink! Why, if such a thing *should* occur we carry the proper number of lifeboats, as compelled by law, in which quite a quarter of the passengers could be packed."

"And the others?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that," said Mr. Dismay.

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We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the "Human Documents" named:—

CLXXXIV.—W. A. (Vancouver), 10s.
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CXCI.—R. L., 5s.; "Nugget," 2s. 6d.; E. S., 1s.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

Included in the total of £2 17s. 7d. acknowledged last week were the following items, omitted through lack of space:—

Nottingham.—Mr. Dan Dominie, Golden Fleece, Mansfield Road, 8d.; Mr. E. R. Bailey, 288, Arkwright Street, 1d.; Mr. F. Troat, New Inn, Union Road, 1d.; Mr. C. Prince, Greyhound, London Road, 1½d.

Leicester.—Mr. G. Green, Hotel Balmoral, Leicester, 6d.; Mr. J. Pratt, 13, Northampton Square, 5d.; Mr. W. J. Bailey, Freemasons Arms, Burley Lane, 1½d.; Mr. T. Fox, Fish and Quart Hotel, Churchgate, 1d.

We have also received further amounts as follows:—

London.—Mr. Mark Pollack, Carpenters' Arms, Dante Road, Newington Butts, 1s.; Mr. F. Shields, The Cricketers, Newington Butts, 7½d.; Mrs. Charlesworth, 90, London Road, S.E., 1d.; Mr. C. A. Simpson, Cornwall Arms, Cornwall Road, Lambeth, 3d.; Mr. G. Edwards, Clayton Arms, Kennington Oval, 3d.; Mr. W. H. Ampleford, Adam and Eve Hotel, Kensington, W., 10d.; Messrs. Harris and Co., 10, Marble Arch, W., 3½d.; Mr. Howard Pont, Campden Arms, Campden Street, Kensington, 4d.; Mr. R. H. Gillard, The Cedars Hotel, North End Road, West Kensington, 8s. 5½d.; Mr. D. C. Bardrick, Churchill Arms, Church Street, Kensington, W., 5d.; Messrs. S. Cohen and Co., 70, High Street, Kensington, W., 6d.; Mr. E. H. Gilbert, Crown Hotel, High Street, Kensington, 4d.; Mr. N. C. Heath, 16, Seagrave Road, Fulham, S.W., 6d.; Mr. Herbert Bowden, 12, Lillie Road, Fulham, S.W., 1d.; Mr. G. H. Pryer, Black Lion, Bayswater Road, W., 7½d.; "Anonymous," 1s. 6d.; The West End Hotel, Coventry Street, W., 2s. 1d.; Mr. A. Bellatti, The Saddlers, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, 6d.; Mr. H. J. Blowes, Colville Tavern, King's Road, Chelsea, 9d.; Mr. H. E. Taylor, The Albion, Sussex Street, Pimlico, 1d.; Mr. T. H. Rawlings, Bessborough Arms, Bessborough Place, S.W., 1s.; Mr. A. Heep, 8, Denbigh Place, Pimlico, S.W., 9d.; Mr. H. Chivers, 98, Wilton Road, Pimlico, S.W., 2d.; Mr. E. E. H. Harley, 48, Brompton Road, S.W., 1s. 2½d.; The Manager, 6, Buckingham Palace Road, New Wandsworth, S.W., 1½d.; Mr. J. Money, 28, Pimlico Road, Pimlico, 1½d.; Mr. W. R. Perry, Blue Posts, 6, Tottenham Court Road, W., 3s. 2d.; Mr. F. Vesco, Carlisle Arms, 2, Bateman Street, Soho, W., 8d.; Mr. A. Macdonald, Crown and Apple-tree, 37, Berwick Street, W., 10d.; Mr. C. A. G. Moor, The Crown, 14, Brewer Street, W., 2s. 6d.; Mr. C. W. Oaten, Messrs. Curzon Bros., 133-5, Oxford Street, W., 1s. 7d.; Mr. C. Besser, Black Horse, 19, Tottenham Court Road, W., 4d.; Mr. F. Tully, Crown and Two Chairmen, Dean Street, Soho, W., 5½d.; Mrs. A. Bennett, Coach and Horses, Bruton Street, W., 2s. 7½d.; Mr. H. E. Enderby, The Bunch of Grapes, Dering Street, W., 5d.; Mr. J. E. Neal, Blue Posts, 54, Charlotte Street, W., 3s. 8d.; Mr. F. C. Spillard, Bromley Arms, 84, Cleveland Street, W., 1s. 7d.; Mr. Chas. Sandom, Cross Keys, Endell Street, W.C., 1s.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., 446, Strand, W.C., 9d.; Mr. E. Newschwander, Charing Cross Hotel, 1s. 2d.; Mr. L. Bossner, 28, Orange Street, W.C., 4½d.; Messrs. T. Claxton and Son, 2, Gordon Mansions, Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, 1d.; Mr. A. W. Bartlett, Bedford Arms, 1, Sandland Street, W.C., 7d.; "Teddy Bear," The Angel, High Street, Bloomsbury, 5d.; Messrs. G. Brauner and Co., 5, Southampton Row, W.C., 1s. 6½d.; Mr. A. Baltsheimer, 151, Drury Lane, W.C., 1s 3d.

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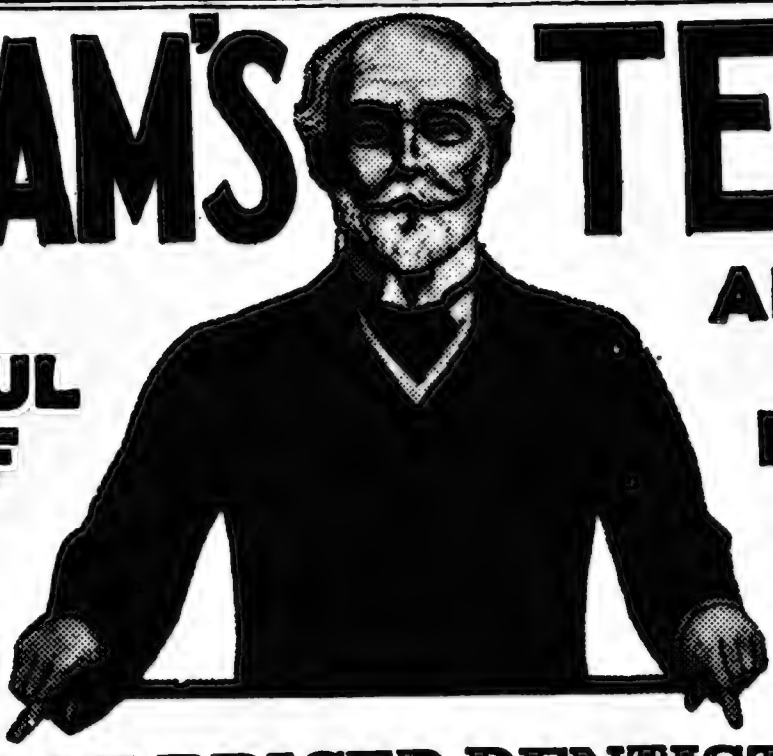
"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 578

WILLIAM'S TEETH

A BEAUTIFUL SET OF



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This illustration shows the disfiguring effects of missing Teeth.

HIGH-PRICED DENTISTS PANIC STRICKEN.

ADVICE FREE. **ADVICE FREE.**

This illustration shows the beautifying effect of perfect Teeth.

THE PUBLIC'S APPRECIATION OF FAMOUS LONDON DENTAL FIRM.

High-priced Dentists are panic-stricken. A popular revolution in prices for tooth-work has taken place.

In future, the very best class of dental work can be obtained by everyone at the lowest cost. This is due to the public-spirited action of the Directors of the Williams' Teeth Institute, of 293, Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross, W.C. They have issued the following list of prices for the best class of dental work. Every reader of this journal who calls at the Institute can take advantage of these astonishingly reduced figures.

Here they are—

	s.	d.
Painless Extraction of Teeth	1	0
Extraction under Gas	2	0
Decayed Teeth Stopped	2	0
Single Artificial Tooth	2	0
Complete Set of Artificial Teeth .. .. from	15	0
Gold Filling	10	6

Gold Crowns equally cheap. Bridge and Bar Work a Speciality.

What has been the result of the issue of this proclamation? Why, that Williams' Teeth Institute has become the London centre for thousands and thousands of ladies and gentlemen who want teeth extracted, filled or replaced by artificial teeth, but who strongly demur to paying the extortionate prices so often charged.

YOUR HEALTH IN DANGER—SAVE IT NOW.

Undoubtedly this striking lowering of prices by the Williams' Teeth Institute is proving a great public and national benefit.

There is nothing so injurious to the health (particularly to the digestion) as to have teeth in your head which are decayed, and therefore discharging corrupt, malodorous matter down your throat.

This upsets your stomach and pollutes your breath.

Bad breath is due almost always to decayed teeth.

Moreover, for your teeth to be broken and discoloured is a great eyesore and spoils your whole appearance. Even the most beautiful woman is given an unpleasing look when several decayed teeth or unsightly gaps are disclosed. Insure your health and ensure your good appearance.

Pay a visit to the Williams' Teeth Institute, and all this is put right swiftly, skilfully and inexpensively.

That aching tooth is extracted without pain for 1s.

For 2s. you can replace it with a perfectly made artificial tooth, a tooth so natural looking that it is impossible for anyone to tell that it is artificial, a tooth which is better than one of Nature's teeth, inasmuch as it never aches or decays.

For the same sum you can have that decayed tooth which so long has troubled you, filled and made sound, so as to last you for many years to come.

Whilst, most marvellous of all to relate, you can be fitted with a complete set of "better than-natural" highest quality artificial teeth from 15s.

COMPLETE SET SUPPLIED IN FOUR HOURS. COUNTRY PATIENTS NOTE THIS.

Another welcome reform instituted by the Williams' Teeth Institute is that there are no unnecessary delays.

Slowness is unknown at the Williams' Teeth Institute with its bright, up-to-date scientific methods.

The immense popularity of the Institute with the public has enabled the Directors to secure the services of the most skilful and scientific experts on teeth in the world.

For this reason the Williams' Teeth Institute is enabled wherever necessary to fit clients with a complete set of perfect-fitting artificial teeth within four hours of his or her first visit. A great boon is this is for patients coming from the country. Teeth supplied on Easy Payments.

The Williams' Teeth Institute is within easy reach of all parts of London. Only two minutes' from King's Cross Station. The Metropolitan Railway Station is almost opposite. The Piccadilly-Brompton Tube Station is close at hand, and trams and 'buses from every part pass the door. Call at the Institute and have your teeth examined—FREE.

Not a penny is charged for advice, and you are under no obligation to take the advice unless you wish.

Call to-day, or write for a copy of "Good Teeth For All," a book which tells you all about this great revolution in prices which will doubtless be as popular with you as with everyone else.

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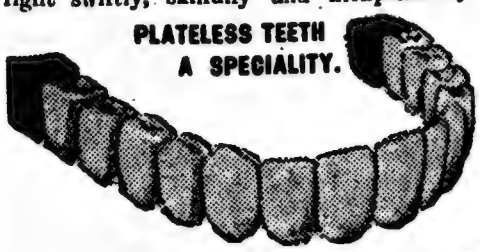
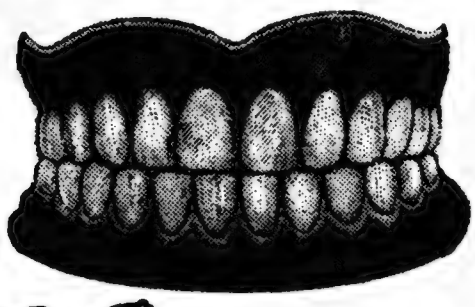
PLATELESS TEETH A SPECIALITY.



COUNTRY PATIENTS CAN HAVE THEIR TEETH EXTRACTED, AND CAN BE FITTED AND SUPPLIED WITH NEW :: ONES ON THE SAME DAY. ::



Hours:
10 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Saturdays,
10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Williams

DENTAL SURGERY

Telephones:
Natl. 1441 & 3458.

293, Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross, London, W.C.

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Total, £2 15s. 11½d., of which we have allocated to CLXXXVIII., 20s.; CLXXXIX., 15s. 1½d.; CXC., 20s.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 570.

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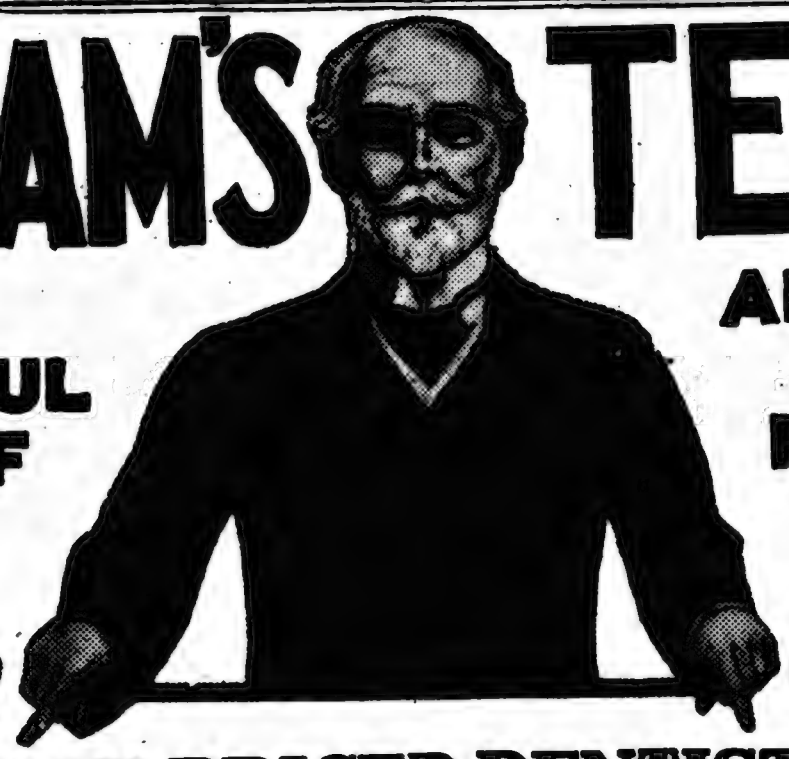

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Gold Filling	10	6

Gold Crowns equally cheap. Bridge and Bar Work a Speciality.

What has been the result of the issue of this proclamation? Why, that Williams' Teeth Institute has become the London centre for thousands and thousands of ladies and gentlemen who want teeth extracted, filled or replaced by artificial teeth, but who strongly demur to paying the extortionate prices so often charged.

YOUR HEALTH IN DANGER—SAVE IT NOW.

Undoubtedly this striking lowering of prices by the Williams' Teeth Institute is proving a great public and national benefit.

There is nothing so injurious to the health (particularly to the digestion) as to have teeth in your head which are decayed, and therefore discharging corrupt, malodorous matter down your throat.

This upsets your stomach and pollutes your breath.

Bad breath is due almost always to decayed teeth.

Moreover, for your teeth to be broken and discoloured is a great eyesore and spoils your whole appearance. Even the most beautiful woman is given an unpleasing look when several decayed teeth or unsightly gaps are disclosed. Insure your health and ensure your good appearance.

Pay a visit to the Williams' Teeth Institute, and all this is put right swiftly, skilfully and inexpensively.

That aching tooth is extracted without pain for 1s.

For 2s. you can replace it with a perfectly made artificial tooth, a tooth so natural looking that it is impossible for anyone to tell that it is artificial, a tooth which is better than one of Nature's teeth, inasmuch as it never aches or decays.

For the same sum you can have that decayed tooth which so long has troubled you, filled and made sound, so as to last you for many years to come.

Whilst, most marvellous of all to relate, you can be fitted with a complete set of "better than-natural" highest quality artificial teeth from 15s.

COMPLETE SET SUPPLIED IN FOUR HOURS. COUNTRY PATIENTS NOTE THIS.

Another welcome reform instituted by the Williams' Teeth Institute is that there are no unnecessary delays.

Slowness is unknown at the Williams' Teeth Institute with its bright, up-to-date scientific methods.

The immense popularity of the Institute with the public has enabled the Directors to secure the services of the most skilful and scientific experts on teeth in the world.

For this reason the Williams' Teeth Institute is enabled wherever necessary to fit clients with a complete set of perfect-fitting artificial teeth within four hours of his or her first visit. A great boon is this for patients coming from the country. Teeth supplied on Easy Payments.

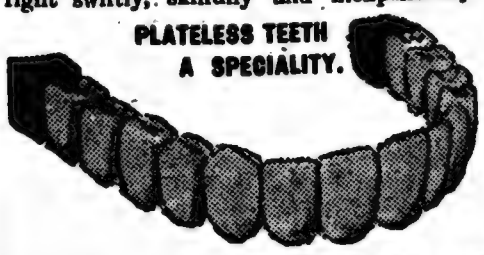
The Williams' Teeth Institute is within easy reach of all parts of London. Only two minutes' from King's Cross Station. The Metropolitan Railway Station is almost opposite. The Piccadilly-Brompton Tube Station is close at hand, and trams and 'buses from every part pass the door. Call at the Institute and have your teeth examined—FREE.

Not a penny is charged for advice, and you are under no obligation to take the advice unless you wish.

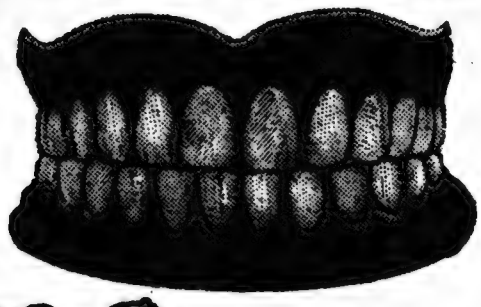
Call to-day, or write for a copy of "Good Teeth For All," a book which tells you all about this great revolution in prices which will doubtless be as popular with you as with everyone else.

For the highest quality tooth-work of every kind, at the very lowest prices, go to the Williams' Teeth Institute.

PLATELESS TEETH A SPECIALITY.



COUNTRY PATIENTS CAN HAVE THEIR TEETH EXTRACTED, AND CAN BE FITTED AND SUPPLIED WITH NEW :: ONES ON THE SAME DAY. ::



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CUPID THE ACCURSED.

BY JIM CROW.

[*Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective, cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.*]

Social reformers and other joy-stranglers lay too much stress upon the dangers of drink. They ascribe madness, murther, suicide, immorality, poverty, all kinds of degeneracy to overdoses of alcohol. But the disease called love is responsible for all these and many other misfortunes.

AMOROUS ALIENISM.

The early symptoms are lethargy, loss of appetite, insomnia and depression. Then come hallucinations, delusions, illusions, fixed ideas, atrophied senses of perspective and proportion. A mysterious microbe monopolises the mind and induces the hysterical or comatose condition known as love at first sight. The result may be intense devotion for an ugly, vulgar, immoral or mercenary person, whom the patient would despise and detest when sane. Look at the dainty damsels who flaunt photographs of some coarse mummer in their bed rooms, sleep with his picture-postcard under their pillows. Consider the rich and noble ladies who wreck their lives because they have taken a crazy fancy to a groom or an acrobat or a mountebank. Think of the thousands of young men who sacrifice their careers, friends, families, fortunes and self-respect because they are bewitched by some brainless, cackling chorus-girl. The seriousness of marriage never seems to occur to them. They tie themselves and all their worldly goods up for life with as little sense of responsibility as though they were besotted with brandy. Nay, if they were merely enslaved by the grape, the element of luck might enter and a happy alliance ensue. But the lunacy of love seems always to inspire preference for worthless objects.

VICTIMS OF VENUS.

Again, a drunkard will often listen to reason. You may persuade him to go to bed or drink soda-water or use a stomach-pump. But the intoxication of love inspires an incredible obstinacy. The best advice remains unheeded, is even resented. Rather than pause for reflection and defer the crisis for a day or an hour, the poor plague-stricken lover will commit almost any crime. I suppose that the sentimental mania known as passion is responsible for more murthers than greed of gold or lust of blood. Husbands and wives have been killed because they were obstacles to marriage with new objects of devotion, or because they aroused jealousy by selecting fresh friendships. Successful rivals have been slain by disappointed lovers. Men and women have been slaughtered with incredible ferocity because they repelled the advances of infatuated admirers. Even parents and guardians have been put out of the way when they were wise enough to interdict imprudent alliances. And statistics show that homicides of passion are largely on the increase, especially in Latin countries, where juries condone them as a matter of course. This is not to be wondered at when public opinion invariably defends bloodshed in connection with affairs of the heart. I believe that every Frenchman who has written on the subject will be found to have advocated assassination as an adjunct of the affections. I remember a review of a play in the sober, heavy *Journal des Débats* saying that "genuine love implies madness and crime, as everybody knows." And Dumas the Younger did not hesitate to write: "He who does not love to the pitch of committing crime or braving dishonour cannot say that he really loves." In other words, no one is capable of comprehending love unless he is, at least potentially, a scoundrel!

SENTIMENTAL SUICIDE.

Statistics of suicides caused by love are also appalling. The disease destroys all care for consequences, and its victims fly to poison or pistol or dagger or river at the least sign of impediment to their desires. People kill themselves because they are parted from the objects of their adoration, and again because some one threatens to mate them with the object of their indifference. They seek the solace of death when they are deserted or endowed with unwelcome offspring. And very often they are high-minded, amiable, honourable souls, who would have been brave enough to face life's battles if they had not been demented by love. Perhaps the worst suicides are the double ones, when a man and woman agree to die together, arguing that, as they are prevented from living together, they may aspire to share the same tomb. But one of them probably has a stronger mind and accordingly suggests or enforces the tragedy, which is accordingly little removed from murther.

LOOSE-LIVING LOVERS.

That immorality is mainly due to love scarcely needs labouring. No doubt there are coarse people whose temperaments resemble those of the beasts of the field, but nearly every lapse from chastity is ascribable to that softening of the brain which is misinterpreted as softening of the heart. Love, in fact, is responsible for broken homes, ruined lives, lost honour, the taint of the divorce court and the degradation of the streets.

EROTIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

Alcohol may impair the budget of the very poor, but it is never so expensive a luxury as love. Cupid is the father of cupidity. Utter recklessness of expenditure is accordingly one of the chief characteristics of infatuation. A mistress is far more exacting and wasteful than a wife, and her admirer grudges her no vanity or luxury even though necessaries are not easy to provide at home. Not only does a demented swain squander all his substance on the female who has ensnared him, but he neglects his affairs, loses all energy and ambition, listlessly accepts every disaster, and drifts uncomplainingly downhill.

TRANSITORY TRANSPORTS.

In view of all these calamitous consequences, I feel justified in asking: Is love worth while? Even though its gratifications may be sweet, they can only endure for a very brief season. Three years, at the outside, are the limit during which passionate devotion has been known to continue; three weeks or three days or three hours are a more probable period.

LEGISLATION FOR LOVERS.

How often do we hear in police-courts or on platforms that drink is the root of all evil! How much more reasonable it would be to confess at once that Cupid is the curse of the age, nay, has ever been the curse of every age! Now then, legislators, pull yourselves together and bring in temperance bills to protect the love-sick against themselves. Be it enacted, etcetera, that there shall be no love-making after the hours appointed for the closing of public-houses, that *bona-fide* travellers shall alone be permitted to kiss in any place within the meaning of the Act, that no brides or bridegrooms shall be bought or sold without a licence granted by a County Council or the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, that excise duty shall be levied on all home-made flirtations save only in such free ports as may be nominated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But would this suffice? I expect we shall have to vote a stringent Lovers' Prohibition Act.

MY QUEEN! MY QUEEN!

Meanwhile, I continue to leave my heart in the keeping of the Beloved.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"No doubt in time we shall all be wearing badges, and no one will be allowed to work or play unless he is in uniform."—MR. HANDEL BOOTH.

"A signpost is one of the few remaining institutions in this country to which I look with any amount of confidence and respect."—LORD LANSDOWNE.

"For the advantage of having no House of Commons for five years I should even be prepared to put up with the present Government."—SIR F. BANBURY.

"You may have noticed . . . that people who dance on the English stage don't wear four dresses. I have often wondered when the Censor is going to find it out."—MR. JUSTICE DARLING.

"If a lady wanted to lend money to a man she had never, or only once, met before, she would be well advised not to do it in her bedroom after taking off her jewellery, at two o'clock in the morning."—MR. JUSTICE SCRUTTON.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 577.*

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J.B. 4/5/12.

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This time I ask YOU to write to me. Don't say "I'll do it to-morrow." Do it TO-DAY. Fill in this coupon and send it to me. Let me tell you what I can do for YOU, to assure you a comfortable position and income for life.—GEO. E. CLARK.

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HOW often have you seen the wonderful invitation of Mr. Geo. E. Clark? How often have you *meant* to answer it? How often have you put it off? How often have you FORGOTTEN?

How much longer will you let this golden opportunity slip past you? Time is flying. Every day may make a difference. Make up your mind *now.* Resolve that you will no longer let a mere penny stamp stand between you and knowledge which may be the turning-point in your career, and may, in fact, make all the difference between privation or comfort, security or anxiety, *happiness or unhappiness.*

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PLEASE tell me how easily I may secure a comfortable well-paid life appointment in the *Civil Service, Business.

Please send me free your books about the training, opportunities, salaries, hours, etc.

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Daughter's Name .....

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*Cross out one. J.B.

Write to-day and learn how you can ensure your future career by a splendid post in—

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Get your pen *now.* You have been putting it off long enough. Before you do another thing—before you read another page—tear out the coupon. Sign it and put it in the post at once.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Directors of the Cunard Steamship Company, Palmerston House, Bishopsgate Street, London.

GENTLEMEN,—Serious complaints are made to me by certain third-class passengers of the s.s. *Arcania*, owned by you, as to their accommodation. Writing from board ship in the Western Ocean, under date April 4th, eighteen passengers send me a statement vouched for by them all. The actual writer of the letter says he has had experience of sailing vessels, troopships, and other passenger boats, but the sanitary and sleeping arrangements on this vessel are the worst he has ever known. Several of the passengers appear to have been shown by different agents, at the time of booking, alluring photographs of cabins which promised convenience and comfort, if not luxury. A third-class passenger, of course, does not expect to be treated as an American millionaire. He does not ask for tennis courts, Turkish baths, gymnasiums, gardens and other such luxuries, but he does expect to be treated as a civilised human being. I cannot go into complete details of the conditions under which the women had to make their journey across the sea; but I can say that there was not so much as a looking-glass, "let alone anything else," excepting bunks and bedding. The passengers allege "woeful" overcrowding of the steerage; they say the lavatory basins worked out at about 1 to every 112 or 115 persons, and that the stench "was beyond description"; they aver that the majority of the berths are only temporary, being pulled down to make room for cargo on the return trip; that they were painted "only just before" the vessel left Southampton and the paint was barely dry, and several of them suffered in consequence from colic in addition to *mal de mer*; they denounce the steerage-deck accommodation as utterly devoid of adequate comfort, men, women, and children rolling about in the pains and discomforts of sea-sickness, there being no seating accommodation. "One old lady over seventy years of age who, finding all the second class berths booked, was induced by some lying agent of the Company to travel steerage, had the greatest difficulty in hiring a deck-chair to sit on, in spite of the fact that her husband offered to buy it, and that there were piles of chairs in stacks upon the second-class decks."

I think you will realise, gentlemen—especially in the present state of the public mind—that this is a grave cumulative indictment. It amounts to an outrage and a scandal. Above decks, the luxury which ingenuity can exchange for wealth; below, accommodation which shames humanity and decency. The third-class passengers were evidently regarded by your company as little more than ballast. This should not be permitted in any ship sailing under the British Flag. I shall send a copy of this letter to the President of the Board of Trade and to Lord Mersey; it may assist them in their present deliberations.

JOHN BULL.

To J. Pointer, Esq., M.P. for Attercliffe, House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—It seems to be a special peculiarity of some of you Labour Members to draw attention to your own pinchbeck virtues by proclaiming from the housetops the vices of others—especially when at teetotal meetings. The accusation you made at a meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance Council, that "one of the worst sights you had ever seen in your political life was when, on your first return to Parliament, you saw the leader of each side drunk while an important debate was in progress" is an example of what I mean. It is true, sir, that when challenged in the House you stated that the report was inaccurate, but denial of this sort is so common a subterfuge of the bounder, willing to wound and yet afraid to strike, that I shall probably be excused by most of our fellow Members if I prefer to accept the assurance of Mr. Malcolm that you admitted the report was "not very different to what you did say."

Now, sir, I ask what *did* you say? It is a plain question. It can be answered without turn or twist, wriggle or shuffle. Be a man and speak up.

JOHN BULL.

To Prince and Princess Michael, Jezreel Stores, Canterbury Road, New Brompton.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SERENE HIGHNESSES,—From a circular printed in blue ink which has just reached me, I notice that you are resigned unto the heavenly will—and carry on the business still. "Home Again," you say. "To our friends, old and new. We extend to all Our Best Greetings"—incidentally I trust you will extend to them the best cuts from the joint also—"and we shall be very pleased to see them at our old quarters, the Jezreel Restaurant and Stores. We shall be grateful to All who will come forward and render whatever assistance they are able to God's Ambassadors, Prince and Princess Michael, in completing the Jezreel Temple, which work has been so long hindered by the evil power . . . We trust, therefore, that all our friends will rally round Prince and Princess Michael (see Dan. xii. 1, x. 2; Rev. xii. 7)." I do not wish to say anything against the Latter Day House of Israel, except to express my deep regret that it should be founded on fries, stews, grills, pie, pudding, and other offerings made at the shrine of the *salle à manger*. Although you were to sell out ten times a week all the stock you could not eat yourselves, you would not thereby be endowed with immortal bodies according to your professions. One Smith, a soldier, who christened himself Jershom Jezreel, was the first of your sect; he departed this life many years ago. Queen Esther, his widow, died about 1888; now you are trying to revive the promise of the "Flying Roll" through the ordinary food department of the human economy. I note, of course, that "donations will be thankfully received," and I have not a doubt that they will; also that you "entreat all to accept the Mother's Rolls of Life, and live on earth a thousand years," copies of same being on sale at the stores—with reductions, I presume, for those who take a quantity.

Though it may be that your Serene Highnesses believe all you profess to believe, you will forgive me for saying that I naturally suspect even royal personages who try to sell either dry or wet goods, wholesale or retail, by mixing them up with advertisements of Scripture texts and pious meditations. Their "roast" beef is none the better because they exhort me to ponder Daniel xii. 1; nor are the shop eggs any fresher by virtue of Rev. xii. 7. In short, your Serene Highnesses, if you cannot keep shop except as "God's Ambassadors," most people in New Brompton would no doubt prefer that in the name of public decency you should put up the shutters, for you are certainly trading under false pretences.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Hatherton, Chairman, Staffordshire Quarter Sessions, Penkridge, Staffs.

MY DEAR LORD,—What an unconscionable sentence you inflicted on that labourer, John Brown! His was evidently a hunger offence, nothing more; there was more desperation than wrongdoing in it. He went into a shop to beg alms. On being refused, he seized a pork pie and walked out of the place, eating it as he went up the road. That was the crime; three months' hard labour was your sentence; and on the whole I think that, if this is your idea of justice and mercy, less public harm is done by starving John Brown stealing a twopenny pie than by wealthy, well-filled Lord Hatherton sitting on the magisterial bench to judge him. The community is not served by such unjudicial ferocity.

JOHN BULL.

To Bruce Ismay, New York.

Know that self-preservation first law nature, but trust explanation your presence in lifeboat full women will bear strict inquiry over here. Cannot say more at present.

BULL.

Alderman Farrell, Ex-Lord Mayor, Dublin.

Sorry you not selected delegate Home Rule Bill Convention. If because you advocated address welcome King and Queen on visit think scandalous shame. This certainly not a time to penalise Irish Nationalists for sentiments loyalty Throne.

BULL.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 572

WHAT THEY TELL US.

"ISMAY STOOD ON THE SINKING DECK, WHENCE ALL BUT HE HAD FLED."

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

The end of April settlement was a difficult one, large sums being required in view of the growth of the speculative account, but funds were ample, while terms were comparatively moderate, although some of the weak speculators had to go to the wall. Rates of discount are giving way, and there are those who predict an early decline in the Bank Rate. Money is also easier in Paris and the Bourse is getting quite optimistic. Under these circumstances a further extension of speculation may be looked for. There is every indication that *Oil shares* will be one of the most active markets, and my readers will do well to give these every attention. *Marconi* prospects seem over-discounted, and even some of the *Shipping deals* are beginning to look dangerous. In fact, the *Industrial* gambles will, in the near future, find *Tin* and *Copper* serious rivals. The shares in both these departments are getting attractive. *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians* should follow suit, as both are at a very low level and prospects most encouraging. The Transvaal gold output for April, in fact, should mark another high record, and there is a further remarkable increase in the native labour supply. By the way, now that the railway extension has been carried to its properties, *Harmony Estates,* at 4s. 6d., are the pick of this market. There is a disposition to leave *Yankees* alone, which is to be encouraged, as the struggle for the Presidency is getting very disturbing. *Rubber* is at present out of favour, and until the Mincing Lane auctions show better results, investors are likely to fight shy of the shares. The outlook for *Canadian Pacifics* and *Grand Trunks* is, however, distinctly encouraging.

Oil Shares Buoyant—Another Boom Developing—Maikops Advancing—Mexicans Strong—Trinidad United Setting to Work.

I am more than ever convinced that oil fuel will be the fuel of the future, and that it will to a great extent take the place of coal. The slump which developed in the latter half of the past account also affected oil shares and caused realisations, but now that the settlement has been surmounted, prices are strongly on the up-grade again, and there is every prospect of a further rise. There is quite a revival in Maikop shares, on the growing certainty that, with the increased output and the rise in the prices of oil, *Maikop Victory* is on the eve of a declaration of a further dividend on the *Ordinary,* and of a bonus on the *Deferred.* Hence there is a strong demand for *Maikop Victory* at ¼ prem., and the *Deferred* are up at 14s. *Black Sea Preferred* are now also at 1 5-32 buyers, and although there has been a slight reduction in the output owing to repairs, there is practically a certainty that now the production will increase rapidly. *Anglo-Maikop* are also rising. An important upward movement has taken place in *Grozny,* which have improved to 1½. Work is actively being prosecuted, and it is expected that very shortly a gusher will make its appearance. A strong advance has taken place in *Mexican Eagles* to 2⅛, on reports that the company has been able to conclude further important contracts with large consumers, while the outlook in Mexico is also said to be much more peaceful. This is also one of the reasons why *Standard Oil of Mexico* have strongly recovered from a temporary decline, and now stand at 4s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. for the "*A*" shares, and ⅞ for the "*B*" shares. It was a great pity that the mutilated cable concerning this company was published. It now appears from the correction that the prospect is as good as ever for the well which has been sunk, and that there is plenty of gas, which points to a coming considerable production of oil. *Kuban Black Sea Oilfields* are also improving at 3-32 prem. *Trinidad United Oilfields* continue very firm at 1⅛, and I am able to state that the complete plant for the drilling of No. 4 well on the company's property has been ordered, and is expected to be delivered in about six weeks' time, and that the plant will be accompanied by a senior and two assistant drillers, specially engaged from Galicia. In the meantime, the manager, Mr. Alec Covey, sailed on April 24th for Port of Spain, in order to make the necessary preparations for receiving the plant for the drilling of this new well. It is evident, therefore, that the development of this property is being taken strongly in hand, and in view of the results obtained by other Trinidad Companies, there is no doubt that the *Trinidad United* will give a good account of itself. *Shell Transports,* after a reaction, are firming up again at 5⅛ upwards, *Egyptian Oil Trusts* are steady at 4¾, *Red Sea Oilfields* at 1 1/16. *Ural Caspian* have also been a strong feature at about 3½. Some very sanguine views are being expressed with regard to this concern, but, after all, it is no use prophesying. The *Central Carpathian Oil Company* is sending favourable reports from the property, the output showing a considerable increase. As the company has quite recently declared a dividend of 1s. per share, which has just been paid, this is a promising proposition, the shares being quoted 16s. 6d. xd. only, but they are talked much higher, and further dividends are expected to be announced regularly.

Nigerian Tin Unsettlement—The Mystery of Anglo-Continental.—Why are Expert Reports Generally Held Back? Sensational Rise in Tin.

It is much to be regretted that there is a tendency in the Nigerian Tin department to keep expert reports back. That, at least, is the view taken in the market with regard to the absence of official reports on the Jemaa property of the *Anglo-Continental,* in the face of adverse reports set about as emanating from other sources. When a share falls from £6 to 2¼ it is indeed time that the directors should take steps to inform their shareholders as to the actual state of things. The latest cable published is too colourless for words! According to a list published by a financial contemporary, it must be assumed that if the *Consolidated Goldfields* have large holdings, these must be in other names, as they are registered only as holding a block of 1,500 shares, while the affiliated companies of the Goldfields hold from 500 to 1,000 shares apiece. It would, however, be absurd to argue that the Nigerian tinfield is not valuable. That it contains plenty of tin may be easily gathered from the current output, which is quite satisfactory, considering the short time the field has been in existence and the difficulties of transport—now gradually disappearing through the construction of railways. Take the *Naraguta.* The output is 50 tons monthly, and altogether from November to March 250 tons. The *Bisichi* from November to March has produced 126 tons, the *Jos* 109 tons, the *Naraguta Extended* from December to March 39 tons, and the *Bauchi* from November to March 157 tons, the *Rayfield,* ditto, 171 tons, the *South Bukuru* 56 tons. And tin to-day had a sensational rise to £214¾ per ton. When transport is easier no doubt the outputs will increase, and, in the meantime, such producing companies as *Naraguta Extended* (which, by the way, is expected to produce 40 tons per month after May) are cheap at the present price of about ⅞ per £1 share. *Benue* have also fluctuated very severely, and the price stands somewhere about 4, but in this case some support has been given. *Keffi* declined chiefly owing to realisations in connection with the special settlement now in progress, but are recovering. A circular stating that they are not connected with the Anglo-Continental has helped them. By the way, the *Gold Coast Consolidated Lands,* to which I drew attention last week, have obtained their special settlement (for May 8th) with remarkable celerity, an example which I recommend to others for imitation. A cablegram has also been received from Mr. W. S. Tyler, the company's general manager in West Africa, stating that he has arrived at Zungeru, Northern Nigeria, so that we shall soon have some special information about that company's tin interests. There is a Bear squeeze on in Nassarawa, after which they will no doubt fall away again rapidly. I keep to the view that *Berrida,* at about 1⅛, and *Rukuba,* at about 1 1/16, are likely to turn out satisfactory investments, and that amongst the low-priced shares, *Toros,* at about 7s., are worthy of consideration.

"Northern Terrors."

The following is an extract from the *Northern Territory Times,* of February 23rd:—"Since early in January, Carter's Consolidated has crushed 1,040 tons of stone, which yielded 2,033 oz. gold, approximate value £7,100." The above works out at £6 16s. 6d. per ton, and should show at least £5 per ton profit.

Industrial Specialities Active Again—The P. and O. Rise.

After a little rest, the Miscellaneous market has come strongly to the fore again, with *Marconis* in the van. After the remarkable rise in these shares, which have come up from 6s. 3d. per share in 1908, it is not surprising that there has been a considerable volume of profit-taking, and the question is whether this movement has not run its course. I do not presume to criticise the extent of the rise, but I would advise those in charge of the movement to go slow now, for the good of the market in these shares. Too much is already discounted in the present high prices. Another feature has been the steady rise in *Omnibus* "*A*," which touched 17s., and are now somewhat below that level, owing to realisations in view of the approaching settlement. Considering that the shares are of

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 577.*

the face value of only a shilling apiece, those who pay the present price for them show a great deal of courage *National Telephone Deferred*, after a pause, have commenced to swing upwards again, and from all I can hear, this stock is bound for 170 to 180, in view of its probable break-up value. The market is awaiting the publication of the arbitration award with bated breath. Some time ago, the last time on March 30th, when the quotation was below 350, I dealt with the prospects of *P. and O. Deferred*, to which I was very favourably disposed, but I must confess that the extent of the rise in the stock, which is now quoted at 405, quite takes one's breath away. But the quotation is being talked still much higher—viz., to 500! The announcement of a rise in cement prices has not done *Associated Portland Cements* any good. On the contrary, there has been a distinct relapse on a shake-out of stale Bulls.

P.S.—I have just received a copy of the "Diamond Fields Advertiser," of Kimberley, dated April 6th, containing the following:—"Gong-Gong Diggings.—Simultaneously with the above intimation came the news of the proposed further extension of the Gong-Gong alluvial diggings, held by a private company, for which the diggers in that locality have agitated so long and uninterruptedly a time. The Gong-Gong Diggings are the richest permanent diggings in the district, and the extension of the ground in that area will undoubtedly draw a big gathering from all parts of the river, as well as from Mooifontein and Bloemhof, where diggers are already said to be discussing the prospects with avidity." This, of course, refers to the *Diamond Proprietary Mines*, which own the Gong-Gong, and fully confirms anything which I have said at any time about this valuable property.

KENT COLLERIES, LIMITED.

We understand that a movement is on foot in connection with this company, and hope to be in a position to give fuller information in our next issue.

BRITISH AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY.

Who is responsible for the little pink leaflet puffing this concern? Any Stock Exchange jobbery behind it? And who put the capital down as "6,1000,000"—whatever that may mean? And who is it who tells us that "By a recent decree of the United States Supreme Court, the American Tobacco Trust has been ordered to divest itself of the control of this company by the distribution of *half* of its holding," etc.? And who is "G. A. Tasmatzi"—and "Noya Aktrebolajeb"?

BRITISH BUTTER SUBSTITUTE.

We understand that next week will be issued the prospectus of a small company to work a secret process for producing a vegetable butter, having all the advantages and properties of pure butter made from cow's milk, and designed to supersede the present trade in margarine.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) *Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to City Editor,* JOHN BULL, *2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, ofcourse, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

(2) *Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.*

(3) *Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.*

(4) *In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.*

(5) *If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.*

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Inquiry.

CONVERSION OF BUSINESS INTO LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANY.—F. S.—Before I can give you the advice you desire, you must tell me what amount of capital would be required, and whether you will retain an interest in the business—if so, how much.

BLINDS COMPANY, LTD.—BLINDS.—As a salaried employee of the Company, you certainly have a prior claim to the salary and the ordinary notice. Salaries are privileged, and rank before the other debts. You, therefore, had better make your claim, and let me know what happens. In the meantime, the accounts are returned.

SMALL OMNIBUS COMPANY.—E. L.—(1) I cannot find any quotations for these shares. (2) Hardly, as the Company is doing badly.

£200 INVESTMENT.—CREDO.—(1) Either new Atchison Railroad 4½ per cent. Bonds at 101½, or Royal Mail Shipping 5 per cent. Debentures at the equivalent of 97½. (2) Linggis at 34s 9d., Anglo-Malay at 16s. 3d. xd., and London Asiatics at 11s. 3d. xd.

DUNDERLAND IRON ORE.—J. A.—I am afraid you must grin and bear it. Krupps seem to have made an arrangement with the Company, very much on their own terms, and as the directors have a majority at their back, the minority have no option but to fall in with the arrangement.

PREMIUM BONDS.—209 (Windsor).—I do not know anything about this firm's actual position, but I strongly advise you not to buy Premium Bonds through them. These people usually charge much higher prices than ruling market rates, and you have no guarantee whatever that they will carry out their obligations. You should buy such Bonds through respectable foreign bankers in London, and, if you wish it, I shall be pleased to send you the address of such a firm.

MEXICAN OIL SHARES.—WYE.—Yes, hold Standard of Mexicos for higher prices, but I cannot tell you to which level they will rise. As regards other oil shares, see my article. Grozny Oilfields, for instance, still look attractive.

RUSSIAN TAX.—MAYFIELD.—Of course, such a tax is possible, but not likely. The Russian Government is doing all in its power to foster the oil industry, and, besides, it is already entitled to royalties on the production.

DIVIDEND-PAYING OIL SHARES.—EXCELSIOR.—These oil shares will probably improve with the rest of the market, but the concern is still a long way from the producing point, and in that respect Maikop shares would, for instance, be preferable.

OIL SHARES.—N. Z. O.—No, I do not advise the purchase of these shares, as it will take a long time before it is possible to pay dividends. The Company is only in its early stages. If you want to buy oil shares, you should not buy merely the very low-priced shares. Amongst the Maikop producing shares, for instance, you can buy Maikop Victory at ¼ premium, and Black Sea Oilfields Prefs. at 1 3-16, both of which are dividend-paying, and, therefore, more suitable for you.

EAST LONDON RAILWAY.—PAT.—I have been favourable to East Londons when quotations were about 50 per cent. below their present level. I still think they are good for a look-up, but the Fourth Charge Debentures at 25 appear to be the pick of the bunch.

FANCY DEALINGS.—INQUIRER (Banffshire).—I do not advise you to go in for this kind of fancy dealing. You are sure to be left in the cart. Your best plan by far is to deal direct with a member of the Stock Exchange. Yes.

U.S. PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY.—SUBMARINE.—I cannot find any trace of this concern, even in the "Stock Exchange Official Intelligence," and, in any case, there is no market in London for the shares.

METALITE.—LIGHT.—The shareholders have no doubt good reason for their action, but you should think twice before committing yourself to the action proposed by the gentleman in question. A recent decision makes shareholders, jointly and severally, liable for all law costs in such actions, so that your liability would not be limited to merely sixpence per share. Under the circumstances, it would be best to cut your loss, unless you can eventually get something back out of the wreck, after the liquidation of the Company.

4½ PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.—READER.—(1) A second-rate Corporation stock, in which the market is very limited. (2) South-Eastern Railway 6 per cent. Preferred stock at 122, which will give you rather more than the yield you seek; and Grand Trunk 5 per cent. First Preference stock at 112.

VERTICAL TRUST.—BOWERY (Old Trafford).—I must also admit my ignorance of such a thing as a "vertical trust." Has anybody been pulling your leg? In any case, these kind of fancy investments usually turn out wrong.

OILS; TINS.—A. M. H.—(1) It should be worth while holding International Maikops for the present. (2) The same applies to Bauchis, although the Nigerian tin market is at present in the melting pot.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.—F. W. G.—I have nothing to say against either of these concerns, but recent events, over which they have no control, make me chary of recommending deposits or investment in any building society. You will find it far more satisfactory, in the long run, to place your money in sound securities.

RUBBERS, &C.—DORS.—(1) No option but to hold both rubber shares, pending a revival in that market. (2) You can easily find what you require in my letter, and a small purchase of the shares in question should prove an advantageous deal, with some patience.

OILS; MARCONIS.—ROVER.—(1) Grozny, Trinidad United, and Standard of Mexico for speculation; Maikop Victory and Black Seas to hold. (2) You want very considerable nerve to speculate in Marconis at the present level of prices, but if you are determined to take the risk, go in for Canadian Marconis, and watch your opportunity to buy on a reaction.

BLIND COMPANY.—G. D.—I really cannot give you any further information. The only way to test this case is by employing a solicitor.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

PEARL.—C. E. C.—It seems to me doubtful whether your mother had an insurable interest. At all events, you appear not to have such, and it will, moreover, be necessary that the policy should be transferred to you. I do not think you can claim the return of the premiums. The policy is returned. HAMBURG.—Yes. The policy is valid, and you cannot recover.

INSURANCE COMPANY.—WESTHEATH.—This is a small Company, located in Liverpool, but I know nothing against it. It is, however, preferable to deal with a more substantial office.

BRITISH WORKMEN'S AND GENERAL.—W. C. (Fifeshire).—The policy is in order, but as your wife, who took it out, has died, you should get it transferred by the Company to yourself. You cannot claim the premiums back. The policy is returned.

ROYAL LONDON MUTUAL SOCIETY.—Under the circumstances, it is very doubtful whether you could recover the premiums.

HEARTS OF OAK.—READER OF "JOHN BULL" (Pontypridd).—It is quite correct that the Society will give you all these benefits. The pamphlets are returned.

ROYAL LONDON FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—COVENTRY.—I am afraid that it will not be possible to obtain a return of the money paid. Before you stop the premiums apply to a local solicitor.

REFUGE AND WESLEYAN AND GENERAL.—Apparently your father knew about the policy, and did not object. Moreover, you should have an insurable interest. You had better consult a local solicitor before taking any steps.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE.—Under all the circumstances, you had better agree to the Company giving an undertaking to pay you back at the death of the assured.

NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE.—OSPREY ROCK.—I consider that the reading by the Corporation of the terms would stand in a Court of Law, and you had better fall in with their views.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of inquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite matters.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 578*

THINGS THAT MATTER.

"PRACTICAL UTILITY."

By Norman Tiptaft.

[*Mr. Tiptaft thinks the world's dreamers are the really practical men.*]

"Practical Utility" is a blessed phrase—it's also one very much to the fore of late—even the Editor uses it occasionally; he said one of my articles wasn't capable of any—but that's another story. Yet it and words and phrases of a similar character, such as "efficiency," "practical politics," "common-sense religion," "matter of fact"—all denoting things that can be seen and handled and felt—are being held up to-day as *the* gospel—the gospel of the twentieth century. We have no room for dreams and visions, *we* are *practical* men. Men who are far more concerned with the price of bacon than with reading poetry. Bacon, you see, is a *practical* thing—most of us eat it—with eggs, which also are practical things—every morning at breakfast. Poetry, on the other hand, isn't practical—*we* think not, anyhow—it's all about love and the stars and romance and dreams and fame and chivalry and quite a lot of other things which, however beautiful and desirable they have been in a more leisured age, have no cash value.

Far be it from me to suggest that the *practical* things should not be thought much of, should not, in fact, be made the test of success or failure. I have spent quite a lot of time in trying to get people to see things that are just under their noses. It is indeed much more necessary that the man in the street be concerned with the price of food and how he and his fellows may get enough of it, than that he study the dead languages or the science of comparative religion or be able to tell exactly what heaven is like. The only thing is that there is a tendency on the part of these good folks who imagine they *are* practical to limit the other fellow by what they can see and do themselves.

You know what a fanatic is, don't you? He's a man who doesn't believe the same as you believe yourself—and sticks to it.

So it is when a suggestion is put forward which is a bit beyond the range of the ordinary man: he tells you that "it is not a matter of practical utility," or "it is a splendid idea, but impossible." Often just as he is saying how impossible it is and proving its impossibility to ten places of decimals, somebody comes along and does it. Then the practical man passes on to the next subject.

Some years ago the people who suggested gas could be municipalised were called lunatics—it was impossible, said the practical people, for a corporation to own its own gas works. "Private enterprise," "lack of competition"—I'm not sure whether they didn't drag in phrases like "the liberty of the subject" and the "divine right of kings" as well. Anyhow, they used a lot of various sorts, and they proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that it couldn't be done. Then some dreamers in Birmingham *did* it.

It was the same with water, with trams, with electric light—with every service that has been municipalised.

If you will look back over history—pardon my suggesting you should exert yourself so much, but if you *will wake up*, it's worth the trouble—you will find that every notable invention, every great discovery, every big advance, political, economic, religious or anything else, has always been heralded by a big crowd of practical people telling everybody it *could not be done*—that it was not an idea "capable of practical utility."

* * * * * *

What I'm trying to drive home is that even *we—we who are the people—may* not know everything—*not even the youngest of us.* It *may* be that the dreamers, the idealists, are really as practical as we are, perhaps even more practical, since they can see farther.

* * * * * *

Some years ago in America lived one John Brown. At that time good, pious, Christian America—free, independent America—believed in the moral rectitude of the slave traffic. God made the black man to serve the white—the Bible said so, and its authority was final.

John Brown got it into his head that it was wrong. He thought no man ought to hold the life of another in his hand—and he said so. Of course, he wasn't a practical man, and people laughed at him. They proved him wrong by nine hundred and forty-nine different methods, more or less.

John Brown wasn't satisfied. He persuaded nineteen other folks that the slave traffic was bad, and to show how absolutely incapable he was of "practical utility," he marshalled his few followers, and *made a raid* on the slave state of Virginia. Of course it was absurd, idiotic, *impractical*; and the little band was quickly overpowered, and its leader condemned to be shot. And one morning they led the dreamer out to die *and he never saw a solitary slave set free.* You see there was no *practical utility* in his idea. Wasn't there? Eighteen months after the death of John Brown an army of *half-a-million men* moved on Virginia, and this was their battle song:—

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
But his soul goes marching on."

The dreamer hadn't died in vain, and ere the practical men had finished debating the point slavery was swept away.

* * * * * *

I'm not saying John Brown's part in the business was a pleasant one, or appealing to the ordinary man to go and get shot—ordinary men don't—but I am trying to show that the things which look so improbable one day are the commonplaces of the next. We don't defend slavery to-day—we admit it was bad. We don't say tramways can't be municipalised to-day—we see that they are. We all laugh at the ignorance of the people who, a few years ago, thought otherwise, while we pride ourselves on our superior morality and our more capable practical utility.

* * * * * *

But what will the twenty-first century say about people who let children go hungry when there was an abundance of food in the land? What will they say of those who were quite willing to pay millions a year to men who had never seen a coal pit, and yet denied a living wage to the men who got the coal?

What of the intelligence that handed over to women the whole training of each individual child in its earliest and most impressionable years, and then denied their collective capacity the opportunity of legislating for them; that admitted that one woman was competent to manage one house, but denied that ten million could be of any use in legislating for the nation's ten million homes collectively?

What of the brains that think it absurd to organise to *feed, clothe* and *shelter* on a *national scale*, and yet fervently believe that only organisation on a *national scale of the army and navy* in order *to murder* could possibly be efficient?

* * * * * *

Think on these things, my dear man in the street.

I affirm unhesitatingly that poverty is unnecessary. That we need not have a hungry, badly clothed, improperly housed man, woman or child in this country. That we need not have an overworked man, woman or child in this country. That we can stamp out consumption. That we need not kill one-tenth of the miners at present killed yearly. That we need not work half as hard as we do and yet produce much more. That half our life is spent in worrying over things that might be avoided and that the other half is consequently badly damaged. That we are not as yet, despite our boasted civilisation, *half civilised.*

* * * * * *

It is now up to any man of sterling common-sense and a practical brain to prove that all these things are impossible. It's quite easy to do it. "Human nature being what it is—it can't be done," "man is too selfish," etc., etc. I make the practical folks a present of those objections to begin with—there are hosts of others.

And while they are proving that I am wrong—if they're not mighty quick—they'll have to clear out to make room for the new order *with the various impossibilities* ACCOMPLISHED.

I desire to state that I was indebted for certain figures published by me in a previous article to an interesting book entitled, "Profits and Wages in the British Coal Trade," by Messrs. Thomas Richardson, M.P., and John A. Walbank, F.C.A.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 577.*

DRAPERY BY INSTALMENTS!

GREAT ADVERTISING OFFER FOR FOURTEEN DAYS ONLY.

2/- DEPOSIT and 2/- monthly secures the Greatest Bargain in the World. A whole Bale-Full of Necessary Household Articles for £1

Or A LADY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT OF BEAUTIFUL UNDERLINEN, Etc.

THE BRITISH CLOTHING CLUB, 74, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER,

are desirous of making their Name and Goods popular in every home in the country, and in order to advertise their new premises, as above, are offering **A FIFTY-SHILLING BALE OF DRAPERY GOODS FOR A SOVEREIGN.** which can be paid for at **TWO SHILLINGS PER MONTH.**

NUMBER 1 BALE.

The Wonderful Bale of Drapery consists of the following articles:—

		Usual price
1	**Pair Superior White Yorkshire Blankets,** large size, beautifully soft, warm, and comfortable.	10/11
1	**Pair Soft Twill Sheets,** large size, splendid make and quality.	5/11
1	**Magnificent White Honeycomb Quilt,** full size, splendid design, with fancy knotted fringe edge.	5/6
1	**Pair Beautiful White Nottingham Lace Curtains,** Viennese floral design, 3 yds. long.	4/11
1	**Pair Lovely Cream Curtains,** Parisian art design, 3 yds. long (both pairs alike if desired).	4/11
1	**Splendid Dining Room Tablecloth,** white Damask.	4/-
1	**Splendid Alhambra Shawl,** useful and warm.	3/6
1	**Beautiful Sideboard Cover,** elaborate Needlework Design	1/11
6	**Lovely Damask Table Centres.**	1/11
2	**Large Turkish Towels.**	2/-
6	**Splendid White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs** (Gent.'s)	2/6
6	Do. do. do. do. (Ladies')	2/-
	TOTAL	**£2/10/0**

Never before has such a magnificent collection of Ladies' White Underclothing been offered in one parcel at the trifling sum of £1. No woman in the land ought be to without our lovely Bargain Bale Number A1.

40s. honest value for 20s., and only 2s. down and 2s. per month afterwards but a useful present sent in addition for cash with order.

BARGAIN BALE NUMBER A1.

		Usual price
1	**Dainty White Chemise.**	4/6
1	**Pretty Pair White Knickers.**	3/11
1	**Fancy White Camisole.**	2/11
1	**Splendid White Nightdress.**	4/11
1	**Fancy White Nightdress Case.**	1/9
1	**Pair Latest Corsets.**	3 11
1	**Splendid Underskirt.**	3/11
1	**Magnificent White Skirt.**	4/11
1	**Splendid Morning Blouse.**	2/6
1	**Elegant Afternoon Blouse.**	3/11
2	**Pairs Black** (or Coloured) **Stockings.**	2/10
	TOTAL	**£2/0/0**

The above garments are made of specially selected white materials, with beautiful lace trimmings and threaded silk ribbon in very latest fashion. Usually sold in stores and shops at double the price.

Our great offer for these goods is for 14 days from the date of this publication; and as our main object is to establish our business by supplying the above quantity of goods for the low sum of £1, customers are sure of getting for once in a way a **huge and genuine bargain.** Furthermore, in order to enable everyone to avail themselves of the opportunity of purchasing such a **marvellous bargain bale, THE BRITISH CLOTHING CLUB** have decided to send these goods **packed free to any address on receipt of 2s. deposit and the balance (18s. only) at 2s. PER MONTH;** relying on the public to appreciate the value and recommend us to their friends and relatives.

We must impress upon you the fact that every one of the articles enumerated above are fresh, clean, and NEWEST GOODS (no old stock), and are of guaranteed quality, so that customers can depend on every article giving satisfaction.

We willingly exchange any article or return money in full if the goods are not sent in the bale as advertised. Remember, our object is to make our name and goods known throughout the country by giving great value for money, and making each purchaser a regular customer.

Customers who prefer to send Cash with Order will receive a Handsome Present as Bonus.

Send Your Order Now. Do Not Delay and Miss the Greatest Bargain Ever Advertised.

Ladies know that a Sovereign does not go very far in Drapery when shopping.

SEND A POUND TO US AND YOU WILL BE SURPRISED AND DELIGHTED WITH OUR BALE OF GOODS.

Each article is a necessity in every home, and you will require them at some time or other, but the opportunity may not occur again to buy so cheaply and so conveniently.

LARGE INTERESTING LISTS OF OTHER BARGAINS IN DRAPERY AND JEWELLERY ON OUR MONTHLY TERMS WILL BE SENT ON RECEIPT OF A POSTCARD.

HOW TO SEND YOUR ORDER FOR THE MARVELLOUS SOVEREIGN BALE.

Cut out the Coupon and enclose Postal Order for amount of deposit. If more than one Bale is required, additional deposits should be enclosed.

Write your Name and Address fully and plainly so that the parcel is sure to reach you, and say which bale is required.

The parcel is sent packed free direct to your door.

We undertake to return your money in full if the goods are not sent in the parcel as advertised.

2/- DEPOSIT AND 2s. MONTHLY SECURES OUR WONDERFUL SOVEREIGN BALE.

If other goods of the same price are required in place of those stated above please put down in space marked X on Coupon what is wanted, and, if possible, we will send them, although we cannot guarantee to do so.

Address your Order fully and plainly.
Always keep the counterfoil of Postal Order.

Fill up this Form Carefully and send with Postal Order at Once.

"JOHN BULL" COUPON. 4/5/12.

(A Letter is unnecessary.)

To the BRITISH CLOTHING CLUB, 74, Oldham Street, Manchester. *Date.....*

I wish to secure ..... of your Bargain Bales as advertised for £1 each, for which I enclose postal order value ..... as deposit, and promise to send you the balance at ..... per month by postal order. The goods to be sent to my address as follows:—

FULL NAME .....

FULL ADDRESS .....

TOWN.....

NEAREST RAILWAY STATION .....

NUMBER OF BALE ..... X .....

IS WESLEYAN METHODISM DECLINING?

A STAGGERING ASSERTION OF DESPOTIC COTERIEISM.

A correspondent informs us that for the sixth year in succession Wesleyan Methodism has reported a serious decrease in membership—the last showing a fall of 2,646. He says that the managers of the Connexion have at length awakened to the fact, and are professing to be looking anxiously for the cause. He states—and we publish the assertion for what it is worth—that for this they need go no further than the doings in the "secret committee rooms" of the Conference against those in the employ of the Connexion. And in support of his allegation of oppressive conduct on the part of those in authority, he sends us a copy of a letter, written a few years ago by an ex-pastor, who, he says, is now a minister in another Church. This communication says that:—

> The deep-rooted vice of modern Wesleyan management is the denial of fundamental English rights to Englishmen who are in the service of the Connexion. The famous extract from the Magna Charta is now frequently set at nought by our connexional managers who *destroy* men in their persons, goods, estates, reputations and offices, without scruple in the secret committees, lobbies and back-stairs conference, synod and quarterly meetings. They indoctrinate all the young ministers with servile theories of submission to ecclesiastical authorities under every possible contingency—theories which are nothing else than the maxims of Jesuitry. By these, and other maxims, arts, sophistries and devices, they have wound a coil of tyranny about every minister in the connexions and few and rare are the men who dare examine the toils in which the ministry is implicated, still fewer and rarer those who dare venture to cut them. To clear away this octopus entanglement is a matter of urgent necessity if the life of Methodism is to be preserved. The simple demand to be made is that the whispering galleries shall be taken down in the Conference Dome and the lobbies, back stairs and dark committee rooms lighted and ventilated. In other words, that no offender shall be sentenced without lawful trial—due notice, specification of charge, accusers and witnesses brought face to face with accused, etc; in a word, that Wesleyandom should afford to its ministers and laymen the same elementary rights of lawful trial which are accorded in our courts to the vilest criminals in the land. You are at liberty to make what use of these my opinions you may please. I know what I am writing about, and will prove every word above up to the hilt out of three cases known to me and publicly specified.

This is certainly very strong language, and at any rate it is a matter which to us seems to demand the attention of the ruling authorities in the Wesleyan Methodist body—if they are to hold their own amongst the various rival sects.

THE SHOPS ACT AND SOLICITORS' CLERKS.

MUST THE LAWYERS "SHUT UP"?

By a Clerk.

Some correspondence has appeared in the newspapers as to the liability of solicitors under the Shops Act in regard to their copying departments and in comparison with other typing offices, and *if the latter be liable*, then whether the hand and type copyist clerks of solicitors should not also have the benefit of the Act.

It should not be concealed that in addition to trading as copyists, solicitors are also traders in parchment. By trading I mean buying and selling at a profit. Their profit on copies is well known. As to parchment, they buy it at, say, 2s. 6d., and sell at 5s. (See Solicitors' Law Stationery Society circular and the Conveyancing Act scales.) The propriety of their trading as rent collectors on commission is now before the Law Society.

Of course this is only *part* of their business, but all clerks concerned in their trading department (such as typists and copyists) have a right to the benefit of the Act, equally with the clerks of other law typists.

As to those solicitors who do not *entirely* close their offices at one o'clock on one day in the week, it will be necessary under section 1 sub-section 3 "note as to mixed shops" that they put up a half-holiday notice as follows:—"This shop is closed for to-day except for the business of a solicitor"!

MORE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

NOT CIRCULATED WITH THE VOTES!

By Richard Morton.

The Speaker took the Chair at a quarter to three o'clock.

Question of Privilege—Gambling in the House.

Mr. Ian Malcolm: May I ask you, Mr. Speaker, a question affecting the privileges of this House? It refers to a speech delivered at a Band of Hope Sunday School Tea Party by Mr. Setter, a member ot this House, and he is reported to have said that "the thing that had shocked him most in Parliament was the fact that during Prayers the leaders on each side were usually engaged in a game of penny nap?"

The Speaker: I think the House would like to hear what explanation Mr. Setter desires to make.

Mr. Setter: All I desire to say is that the report is not quite as accurate as it might be. I cannot explain the inaccuracies of others.

The Speaker: The hon. member says the report is not correct. I am bound to say that I have never observed any gambling going on at Prayer time, although during a late sitting I have noticed a nap or two.—(Laughter.) As the hon. member does not let us know what he did say, I think we must leave it at that. He can do as he likes, and we shall think what we like. (Cheers.)

The Royal Arms on Insurance Leaflets.

Mr. Paget wanted to know why the National Health Insurance Commission used the Royal Arms at the head of the leaflets they were issuing.

Mr. Masterman: All public documents, and some public-houses, use them. I do not know why anybody should be discontented when receiving a leaflet bearing the Royal Arms.

Mr. Fell: The reason is because it makes all these publications look like tax-papers. (General cheers.)

Inhuman Treatment of Suffragettes.

Sir C. Henry drew the attention of the Home Secretary to a letter written by Miss Swankhurst, and demanded to know if the statements it contained were in accordance with fact, and, if so, what explanation would he offer.

Mr. McKenna said he offered none. It was quite untrue that Suffragettes in prison were forced to wear nothing but a nightgown, and compelled to sleep on boards studded with nails. They were not confined in oubliettes in total darkness, among rats and other vermin, nor were they scourged, whipped, flayed, or branded. Not one of the ladies had been broken on the wheel or subjected to the thumbscrew, rack or boot. Each statement of the kind was quite erroneous.

Mr. Keir Hardie: Does the right hon. gentleman deny that such punishments and tortures have been inflicted on women in times gone by?

Mr. McKenna: When?

Mr. Keir Hardie: History tell us that in the Middle Ages and before that such penalties and punishments did actually occur. Even if they did not occur to-day in London, they may still be occurring in Widnes, Partick, or Timbuctoo. I beg to give notice I shall move the adjournment of the House on the subject.

Cinematographs and Crime.

Mr. Silvester Horne asked the Home Secretary if it was true that the increase in juvenile crime was traceable to melodramatic films shown at picture palaces.

Mr. McKenna was afraid the dreadful fact was as stated, but it beat him why boys should imitate crime on the cinematograph and yet not imitate the comic films. Perhaps the fault was on the side of the boys and not the picture palaces.

Mr. Wedgwood: Nobody knows to what temptations these pictures lead. I have actually heard of youths, after seeing representations of life in the navy, who have gone to sea, and of youths who have enlisted after seeing army pictures. Could not these things be stopped?

Mr. McKenna: I will consider the matter.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Next week we shall deal with the Company's last Balance Sheet and Report.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 573*

UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.]

This is the Last Will and Testament
— of me —

GEORGE ROBERT SIMS, of Regent's Park, London, England, journalist, dramatic author, and hair-raiser.

I HEREBY REVOKE all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

FIRST, I desire to express my heartfelt gratitude to Providence for my long and successful life, which has been busily and pleasantly employed by me in writing, cultivating mustard and cress, playing battledore and shuttlecock, watching the ducks in the Regent's Park ponds, and re-turfing the bald pates of my contemporaries.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH a full-size bottle of Tatcho unto each of the following:—

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury;
Lord Haldane, of Cloan, in the county of Perthshire, viscount;
Anthony Hope Hawkins, of London, author;
Sir Leander Starr Jameson, of Piccadilly, London, baronet;
Frederick William Pethick Lawrence, of Holmwood, in the county of Surrey, barrister-at-law;
Sir Charles Wright Macara, of St. Annes-on-Sea, in the county of Lancashire, baronet;
Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, of Chiddingfold, in the county of Surrey, playwright;
Donald Alexander Smith, Lord Strathcona, of Glencoe, N.B., baron;
William Mansfield, Lord Sandhurst, of London, baron

—all of whom are suffering from "a little bit off the top."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto David Lloyd George, of Criccieth, in the county of Carnarvon, gent., my Battledore and Shuttlecock, together with my advice that he do run away and play instead of fiddling with the finances of the country.

If Lloyd George takes the battledore
And with it bangs the shuttlecock,
And drops finance, we'll see, I'm sure,
A sudden rise in gilt-edged stock.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Editor of JOHN BULL my bulldogs, feeling confident that he will find them useful for keeping off the curs who are for ever snapping at his heels, and that he will keep them well supplied with Biscuits.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Directors of the Royal Liver Friendly Society the manuscript of my play "The Lights o' London."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Zoological Society the results of my long and careful researches into the habits and manners of the ducks and drakes in the Regent's Park ponds, with the request that the same may be published at a popular price within six months of my demise.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Royal Horticultural Society my secret recipe for growing Mustard and Cress all the year round, in and out of season.

When Cress and Mustard I first grew,
'Twas in my salad days;
I weekly watched the crop renew
Before my wondering gaze!
But still the roots, unfailing, sprout,
Such their vitality!
Let me refer you, if you doubt,
To Sunday's *Referee*.

(Here follow private bequests.)

HIS EYE ON THE £400?

We take the following advertisement from the so-called *Labour Leader*, the organ of Keir Hardie, Ramsay Macdonald and Co.:—

> Desirous of devoting my life to the cause of Labour, I seek an official (paid) position in the Trade Union movement, ultimately to be backed by it to represent its interests in Parliament. Good organiser and speaker; morally courageous, and a determined upholder of Labour's Independence.—George F. Corrall, Chemist, 372, Harrow Road, London, W.

Oh, these champions of Labour!

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for you in every page of the I.C.S. spare-time study courses.

Turn your spare time into gold. Every page you study of an I.C.S. course fits you to earn more money. Read what this student says:—

"Recently I applied for a situation in Hongkong and asked the Students' Aid Department to back it up, which they did, and out of a considerable number of applicants I have been appointed at an increase of over 100 per cent. in salary."

P. SPIERS, Stratford-on-Avon.

What this student has done, thousands have done—*you* can do—in the Business Training Course, by learning languages by the I.C.S. phonograph method, in the Window Dressing Course, in all the other 180 different courses, any one of which you can study in *your spare time*.

No classes to attend—no extras—no delays. All books free. *Learn* what students in *your own* district say. Send this coupon *now* for full details.

The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"
—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it is so.

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With either hot or cold water.

Ivorine Sticks, 1s. each, smaller sticks, 6d. each. and Cakes, 4½d. each.

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"MRS. BULL"
AN IDEAL PAPER FOR WOMEN.
Every Tuesday. One Penny.

THE WHITE SLAVES OF JOURNALISM.

BY "SCRIBE."

[*Pressmen whose lives are little better than those of Paupers —who are sweated by unprincipled employers and turned into advertising touts.*]

I have often thought that journalists are among the biggest humbugs and fools in creation. They refer to themselves as "Gentlemen of the Press," or "Members of the Fourth Estate,"—whatever that may mean—whereas in truth they are generally "gentlemen of immeasurable poverty," and members of an estate compared with which that of the pauper is one sweet round of aristocratic fulness and peace of mind. I don't want my *confrères* to think that I feel or write unkindly of them, for to do journalists as a class justice, I do not believe there is a better-hearted body of workers to be found within the circumference of this kingdom, certainly no community of men possessing deeper innate sympathy with others' afflictions or more ready to do a kindly act towards a brother in distress. But they are fools and unconscious humbugs nevertheless, for whilst daily they are recounting in moving language the desperate straits of other toilers, there is not a body of craftsmen in the nation who are more evilly paid and more disgracefully overworked than themselves.

Thousands of fellow-pressmen will bear me out when I say that literally hundreds of newspaper owners have the unblushing impudence to advertise for experienced reporters at from 20s. to 25s. weekly. At that murdering wage they expect their slave to be capable of taking a verbatim shorthand note, of writing a crisp, picturesque, entertaining description of any function, of purveying a dozen or more columns of smart reading matter weekly, embracing extensive original contributions in the shape of chatty notes and more or less dogmatic leaderettes. *Twenty-five shillings per week!* Why, thousands of labourers turn their noses up at the scandalous figure, whilst compared with the scribe the lot of the miner is Paradise indeed. This class of employer is generally ashamed to advertise his whereabouts. He traps his victims by the use of a box letter and number, and as owing to the overcrowded state of the reporters' market he is invariably assured a plethora of replies, he has no difficulty in filling the post at a dry-bread wage.

The biggest sinners in this respect are the "saintly" sleek-voiced provincial weeklies. To read the sentimental gushy muck that many of them serve up to their readers, one would imagine that Heaven must dominate the life of the office, whereas in very truth Hell itself has no worse working perditions to offer. In an office not a thousand miles from Lichfield, a really capable fellow is editing and performing reporting duties for 30s. weekly; he has, too, to interview the advertisers and newsagents, read the proofs, practically act as errand boy, and rise and sit, fold and unfold his hands at the will of the tyrant over him. The rich and saintly specimen who owns the newspaper arranged a wayzgoose the other summer. The train on the return journey dropped the party about fourteen miles from its proper destination, and though the proprietor lived in the town where the difficulty was experienced, he refused to make provision for the travellers, and at midnight, without refreshment, set them to cover that distance to their homes!

Pressmen, unfortunately, are largely responsible for the conditions that envelop them. They have not got the heart of half a collier. Hour after hour, when most other workers are sleeping, they are knocking out "copy" under circumstances of pay and labour that would shame a scavenger.

And what is being done to help? There is the Institute of Journalists, dominated by the newspaper owners, who do as they like and rule the roost by look of menace. The working journalist has long since dubbed it a hoary fraud. The newspaper scribe's hopes are centred in the "National," but what is it doing to efface these parasites who thrive on honest toil? Is it wiping out the impostor who compels his reporter to more than pay his keep by touting for advertisements? Is it striving to get a fair day's wage for a fair day's work?

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

EXEMPLARY TOASTS WITH SUGGESTED RESPONSES.

BY WALTER MOORE.

THE RT. HON. REGINALD MCKENNA.

GENTLEMEN,—When, a few hours ago, in the solitude of my study, I was musing on the agreeable task I have now risen to perform, it suddenly occurred to me that it would be no small matter to toast in adequate and felicitous language a gentleman of such numerous and varied attainments as those which are inseparably linked with the name of our honoured guest, Mr. Reginald McKenna.

Mr. McKenna, gentlemen, as we all can see for ourselves (craning of necks) is still a comparatively young man. I believe he admits to forty-eight years (Mr. McKenna nods assent). Well, into those forty-eight years Mr. McKenna has packed a great deal of experience, a great deal of hard work, and, I trust, made a good deal of money (cheers). His career provides a singularly happy example of the immense advantages that accrue to those fortunate individuals who chance to be drawn into the mysterious machinery of the Party system and are whirled—through no fault, nor, perhaps, any particular merits, of their own—from the lowly position of private Member up to the more profitable altitude and rarified atmosphere where Secretaries of State live, move, and have their being (laughter).

True, our guest started his political career with one serious disadvantage—he was originally a barrister (loud laughter). But he made light of this clog upon his political heels, and succeeded, after a preliminary bound or two, in springing into the enviable position of Financial Secretary to the Treasury (cheers). Here, for a while, he rested, gathering strength for a more ambitious flight, namely, from his £2,000 a year roost up to a Cabinet perch worth £5,000 per annum (cheers).

Gentlemen, what an admirable institution is this Party system, which is so vilely traduced by those misguided persons who cling instead to that absurd shibboleth, the right man in the right place! Why, if that principle were put into operation, the best—I mean the *larger* (laughter, and hear, hear)—part of the present Cabinet would have to surrender their portfolios. Moreover, gentlemen, we should not have the pleasure of Mr. McKenna's presence here to-night, for he would have gone with the rest (cries of "Shame!"). Fortunately, however, for him—if not for us—the power of the Party system not only put him into the position of President of the Board of Education, but, having scarcely given him time to learn the elementary duties of his office, whisked him suddenly out of the educational chair and planted him at the head of His Majesty's Navy! (loud and prolonged cheers).

Our guest was equal, if not superior, to the occasion. With the mental agility peculiar to practitioners at the Bar, he was able at a moment's notice to transfer his mind from the consideration of provided and non-provided schools, right of entry, and other ticklish matters dear to the Nonconformist soul, and become, at a nod from the Party Jove, the supreme arbiter of our Naval policy (vociferous cheers).

Gentlemen, we are told that ambition is the last infirmity of noble minds. The noble mind of our honoured guest refutes the vile aspersion; for, having enjoyed for a while the sense of power which command of the Navy must necessarily engender, he was content, for the good of the country and the advantage of his friend Mr. Winston Churchill, to resign his exalted post, and accept instead that of Home Secretary relinquished by his friend (cheers). To-day, gentlemen, he is labouring in the cause of religion by doing his best to disestablish the ancient Church in Wales. It will be a hard fight; but he will have the disinterested support of the Irish Nationalists (loud laughter) and the ungrudging aid of the Socialist-Labour Party (renewed laughter). Let us add what help *we* can by drinking to his health with all the enthusiasm we can command, in what little liquor we have left (loud cheers).

MR. MCKENNA responds:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I am completely overcome by the kindly way in which you have received this toast. I can only say, thank you, f-from the b-bottom of m-my heart, th-thank you.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—See page 577.

Credit makes it easy for you to furnish well and artistically. You need not limit your purchase to the amount of your ready cash, for you can buy all you require on our usual credit terms, the amount to be spread over one, two or three years at your own option. No deposit is required, neither do we add interest or make any extra charges whatsoever.

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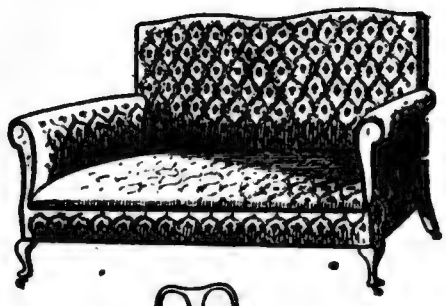

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

[*Being Conversations in a West-End Barber's Shop, Overheard by our Reporter.*]

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON.

'Air cut? . . . Yessir. . . . Nice mornin' s'mornin', sir . . . Yessir; wunnerful 'ow it 'olds up; but we could do with a shower or two now, I'm told. But weather like this seems a mockery, sir. Why? Why, the *Titanic* disarster, sir—*wot never ought to 'ave 'appened*. . . . I beg your pardon, sir, but I can't agree with you. . . . It's all very well to shove the responserbilerty on wot they calls the untamed forces of nachur. . . . Thet's wot I calls a heasy get-out. . . . You'll excuse me, sir, . . . but I feels very strong about this awful wreck, *wot need never 'ave 'appened*, an' I should like ter see all them wots in enny way to blame for it prop'ly punished. . . . Is that short enough at the neck, sir? . . . Thank you, sir.

Wot I arsk is this: Wot's the good of our Board o' Trade if it don't do its dooty? . . . Yessir; that's all very well, sir, if you'll excuse me. But ain't it the dooty of an important Government Department to *move with the times*, as well as to do its reg'lar work accordin' to rules? . . . Why, I see the other day in a paper wot I never misses —not on enny account—yessir, JOHN BULL—I see that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the Irish 'Ouse of Commons is both members of the Board o' Trade. I ain't got nothink to say agin the Archbishop, 'cos, although we carn't expect 'im to know nothink about business, still, 'e bein' a sky pilot, as the saying is, 'is advice on shippin' affairs might be useful. But as for the Speaker of the Irish 'Ouse of Commons, 'e's bin abolished 'undreds of years, I unnerstand. . . . Nothink to do with it? . . . P'raps not, sir. But wot about the President of the Board o' Trade? Buxton is 'is name, Sydney Buxton. . . . Mind, sir; I nearly snipped a bit of yore ear orf then, through you movin'. . . . Postmaster-General, 'e wos afore. Now 'e's boss o' the Board o' Trade, with five thousand a year. Minjet, I don't say 'e's enny worse then 'is successors wot come before 'im, but this I *do* say, wy does 'e wait for a thing like wot this 'ere 'as bin before 'e does nothink? . . . Machine brush, sir? . . . Yessir, I know, sir; but wot's the good of sich silly rules? Thet's wot I wanter know. Look 'ere, sir, arst yerself—if the lore ses as 'ow hevery ship must carry so many boats, wot does it mean? It means, I s'pose, that the lore thinks them boats might be wanted. Very good; if them boats is wanted, it means people might wanter leave the ship in a 'urry to save their lives. But if there ain't enuff boats to go round, oo's agoin' to be left? It seems ter me it 'ud be better not to carry no boats at all if you carn't carry enuff for the lot. . . . Thought the ship was unsinkable, did they? Well, suppose she 'ad bin, ie don't make no diff. Wot about a fire aboard? Is somt to take to the boats an' the rest to be left to frizzle? . . . A little brilliantine, sir? . . . Wot we wants is a President of the Board o' Trade 'oo ain't a Party fossil, bahnd by the old ancient worm-eaten rules, but a chap wot thinks for 'imself, sees wot's wanted, and gets it done. . . . Pay in the shop, please sir. . . . Thank you, sir. . . . Good-day, sir.

TAKE THIS, WEAK MAN

Use it in your home. It will restore your vital power, cure your rheumatism, backache, or chronic ailments, and make you the man you used to be.

In the words of the poet, "While you live enjoy! For when once dead you never shall return." Here in this world we have everything to make us happy. We have much misery, it is true, but most of that can be traced to man's own weaknesses.

To be healthy and strong is to be happy. If you are unable to enjoy the gifts which Nature has bestowed so lavishly upon mankind, it is because of some fault of your own. You were endowed with a constitution that should have held good for your allotted three score and ten years; but you have broken Nature's laws, and now you are paying the penalty. You have wasted your vitality; you have travelled the pace that kills. The spark of life has been dulled by your own follies.

Brace up! Arouse yourself from the state of dejection into which you have fallen. Turn your back upon the past. Make up your mind that while you live you are going to be a live man. Avail yourself of the means which Nature has placed within your reach for overcoming your physical ills. Make this world a heaven. Be healthy and happy. Radiate sunshine and joy. Get back your strength and ambition by wearing the "Ajax" Body Battery while you rest.

The "Ajax" is a scientific device for infusing a subtle stream of life-giving electricity into the human system without the least shock or irritation. Under its powerful influence your pains and aches vanish like mists before the morning sun. The blood courses through your veins with renewed vigour. The glow of health returns to your cheeks, and you feel the thrill of new life that comes with increased vitality and nerve power.

FREE TO YOU. You ought to read our free book explaining our method of treatment. This book is illustrated, showing how the "Ajax" is applied, and contains some valuable information that you need. If you can't call for a free test we'll send the book prepaid, free, and closely sealed. Write at once.

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Simple Home Remedy for Wrinkled Faces.

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Thousands of women are spending fortunes in their frantic efforts to remove the signs of premature age from their faces. When in this state of mind a woman will spend almost any amount of money on worthless wrinkle removers, of which there are many.

If these women only knew it, the most effective remedy imaginable is a simple, harmless astringent jelly which can be had from any chemist. They have only to buy about a shillingsworth of jelly of parsidium. Apply this daily as if it were cold cream. The effect is almost magical. Even after the first treatment a marked improvement is noticed, and the face has a snug, firm feeling that is most pleasing.

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DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Jelf's" at Wyndham's Theatre.

It is ever a joy to see Mr. Gerald du Maurier, no matter what play he is acting in, but it seems an awful pity to think he cannot be supplied with better material to work upon than "Jelf's." Two men, one who has been a hard "Out-West" toiler, and wants the woman he loves to be his wife, his mate and the mother of his children—the other an "about-town fellow" who can ride to hounds, and wants the same girl to marry him just because she is beautiful, and every chap he knows will envy him, are excellent as foils, yet Mr. Vachell has not argued things out evenly—at least this is how it appears to the onlooker. Mr. Vachell makes Richard Jelf ask the assistance of his would-be mother-in-law, the Countess of Skene and Skye, about the question of society customs and manners. The Countess is the slangiest of the entire bunch, and uses swear words into the bargain. Then again the Lady Fenella Mull, adored by both the young fellows, from different points of view, is a character so sketchily drawn that you can't make out whether she really cares for Richard Jelf or James Palliser, and you fail to grasp whether the string of the world is pulling the hardest at her feelings or the chord of love predominates in her heart. "Jelf's" is an indefinite affair, and lends itself to disappointment.

"The Apple of Eden."

Mr. Carlton Wallace's exciting romantic drama, produced by the Messrs. Melville at the New Prince's Theatre, is simply stunning. These two enterprising brothers have done wisely, as usual, in choosing a most popular and beautiful lady for the *rôle* of the Gracious Queen of Slavonia—Mr. Wallace's sympathetic heroine. After a spell of three years' "resting" Miss Nora Kerin ought to feel proud to know that her charm and talent ha e not been forgotten by the British public, who afforded the young actress a welcome such as few experience. Reminding one every now and again of her equally lovely cousin, the lamented Lily Hanbury, Miss Kerin, by her sweetness and intelligence, immediately creates a deep impression as the suffering Margaret, travelling *incognita* as the Countess Maritza. Miss Alice Bowes also scores heavily in the light comedy character of Winifred Cresson, and an undoubtedly clever little sketch is given by Mr. Scanlan as the drunken, half-witted King—allied to Margaret. The scenery is most picturesque and extremely attractive.

LONDON'S FLYING GROUND.

Those interested in aviation—and who nowadays is not?—should take the earliest opportunity of visiting the London Aerodrome at Hendon, where, under the auspices of the Grahame White Aviation Company, a series of flying meetings will be held during the next few weeks. The first May meeting is fixed for next Saturday at 3 p.m., when a number of interesting events will be decided. The Aerodrome is easily accessible from all parts, and the comfort of visitors is studied in every possible way.

As the Pelman School is again offering the advantage of special terms, it is evident that the inducement of reduced fees is satisfactory, both to the School and John Bull readers. The system taught is sound and of undoubted benefit to the pupil who conscientiously follows the instruction given.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a special offer of turf information by Mr. C. Allen, whose large and well-known business has now been before the public for some years, and whose services have been utilised by many hundreds of clients. To those sportsmen who desire such a service, a trial of Mr. Allen's "Daily System Wires" can be recommended.

"Bargain" is a word with magical powers of arresting the attention of the feminine world, and special notice will, therefore, doubtless be paid to the announcement of the British Clothing Club (of 74, Oldham Street, Manchester), appearing upon another page. This enterprising firm offers readers of John Bull bargain bales of household drapery and wearing apparel at something like two-fifths of the usual retail price, and undertake, if the customer is not satisfied with the goods, to return the money in full. Thus the risk of a disappointment is eliminated and there should be a rush for these bargains—the more so, as customers can pay for the bales by small instalments of 2s. per month, after sending 2s. with order.

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ATTAINED AT LAST—
A SUCCESSFUL REMEDY.

VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

Read These Testimonials. They are but a few from Legions.

NO LONGER WANTS A PIPE.

Mr. H. Desford, Merton, Devon, writes: "I took **your 3 days' C Treatment,** and am very pleased to testify that it **completely took away the craving for tobacco,** and I am also glad to say that I am **feeling in much better health than I have for many a day.** I have never once had a crave for the pipe since the first day I started taking your treatment."

CHEWED AND SMOKED FOR 25 YEARS.

Mr. Wm. Courtney, Mostyn, writes: "I had been a heavy smoker and chewer for 25 years. I am pro d to say that since taking your C treatment the craving has entirely gone. I am a cur d man with a clear brain and elastic step."

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Mr. J. C. Guest, King's Norton, writes: "I write to tell you that your remedy for the Tobacco Habit has cured me entirely, and I have **no desire to smoke** at all now. It seems a marvel to give up the habit so easily after being addicted for a good 20 years."

NO LONGER WANTS CIGARETTES.

Mr. H. Thistlethwaite, Burnley, Lancs, writes: "Please accept my sincere thanks for your C Treatment. It has cured me of the Tobacco Habit, and I have no further desire for cigarettes. You can make what use you like of this letter, and you can refer anyone you like to me."

SMOKED 100 CIGARETTES WEEKLY.

Mr. C. Stables, Horsforth, writes: "I feel that I must write and let you know the result of your C Treatment, which has been a success. I used to smoke 100 cigarettes per week, and the craving for them was very great; but before I had finished your three days' treatment I had lost all desire to smoke and I must say that I feel much better now that I no longer smoke."

HEAVY SMOKER OF CIGARETTES.

Mr. J. Sincock, Redruth, writes: "Your C Treatment is all that you claim it to be. I was a heavy smoker of cigarettes, but I now have no more desire to smoke, and I thank you very much for what your C Treatment has done for me."

LOST ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO.

Mrs. R. Roberts, Cinderford, writes: "I am writing to say my husband has entirely lost all desire for tobacco since taking your C Set of Remedies. He has not touched tobacco in any form since he started taking them, and although he had a box of cigars sent to him, he has no desire whatever to smoke them."

GLAD TO SAVE MONEY.

Mr. James Ritchie, Aberdeen, N.B., writes: "Your C Treatment has proved excellent. I have no desire for tobacco now. I am very glad to be rid of the habit, because I can very well do with the money which I used to waste on tobacco."

ALL DESIRE OR CRAVING IS REMOVED FOR Pipe, Cigars, Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Snuff.

I offer a **genuine guaranteed remedy** for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar **nervousness** and craving for **cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco,** or **snuff.** Tobacco is **poisonous** and seriously **injures the health** in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, **sleeplessness,** gas, belching, **gnawing,** or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, **constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy,** neurasthenia, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, **heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite,** bad teeth, **foul breath,** lassitude, **lack of ambition,** weakening and falling out of hair, and many other disorders. **It is unsafe and torturing** to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco and snuff habit by suddenly stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to **eliminate the nicotine poison** from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes, and gradually overcome the craving. You can quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the **wonderful 3 days' method.** Inexpensive, reliable. Also **Secret Method** for conquering habit in another, **without his knowledge.** Full particulars, including my **Book** on **Tobacco** and **Snuff Habit,** mailed in plain wrapper, **free.** Address:

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 72 HOURS

FREE

EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, NORFOLK ST. (306T.D.), LONDON, W.C.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of INQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only those of general interest will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

THE HUNDREDS OF READERS who have written us regarding the *Titanic* tragedy are thanked for their communications, and are informed that the suggestions and comments they make—many of a most interesting and useful character—are receiving very careful consideration. The Editor is sorry it is impossible to acknowledge them individually.

"FELINE" (Milk Street). If you have only lost three lives, you can still star six, but it was rash of you to sneeze when the cook spilled pepper on the day we wrote "Kill that cat." It would have been better to conjugate the verb "cat."

COL. H. G. S. (Upper Norwood) is terribly anxious about possible hidden meanings in postage stamps or their absence. He thinks there may be invitations to commit murder or back horses or, in the case of females, behave immorally. Such suggestions, however, could also be conveyed by word of mouth, and we can't muzzle everybody. Anyhow, it is business-like to deliver empty envelopes, for the contents may have dropped out and addressees are entitled to know there was an intention to write.

G. H. (Glasgow) is puzzled by newspapers which, "after scraping the cess-pools of slander, have to find something the nation cannot do without, such as Standard bread or paper bag cookery." But philanthropy and good taste do not always go hand in hand.

D. (Haymarket).—Naval and military officers are quite as much children in the hands of fraudulent bookmakers as parsons are in the clutches of bucket-shop keepers. No wonder the Boer war lasted so long.

"PASSENGER" complains of overcrowding on the District Railway trains between Barking and Mark Lane, but he should stand out for his rights and insist upon the ejection of strap-hangers.

F. W. C. (Clapton Park).—Murderesses are reprieved if they are expecting an interesting event. We do not think the Bank of England is likely to go bankrupt just yet. Any more questions?

E. W. F. (Chiswick) brings a serious charge against the Brighton Railway. At Croydon he found there were only two carriages available, and each contained 10 to 15 people. The inspector continued to direct passengers thither, though there were other carriages (locked) on the train. E. W. F. was only admitted to them on threatening to force his way in. We wish others would insist on their rights in the same way. Then we should not hear so much of official insolence.

P. P. Z. (Balham) complains that nurses in infirmaries confiscate stamps sent to patients. Perhaps there is a fear of complaints being communicated.

C. M. H. (London) has travelled through 32 countries, covering nearly 180,000 miles, earning his living in each country to prove that a Britisher can do anything when he makes up his mind. He tells us that he found JOHN BULL everywhere. Good luck to him!

"A WOLVERHAMPTON RATE-PAYER."—Your defence of your Chief Constable's action towards the blind man and his dog is ingenious, if not ingenuous, but it does not convince us. What we have said we have said. By the way, please use a shorter pseudonym when you next write to us.

"CONSTANT READER" (Grays).—Why should not a meat merchant advertise for "a real live man" for the position of a butcher's assistant? It takes a live man to handle dead meat expeditiously. Besides, dead men tell no tales; and "telling the tale" is one of the butcher's jobs on Saturday nights.

"A DEVOTED ADMIRER."—You are wrong. Shillelagh is the name of a barony in Wicklow, famous for its oaks. The word actually means the seed, or descendants, of one Elagh, but is now used to denote an oak sapling or *any other stick* used as a cudgel. "If you see it in JOHN BULL," etc.

"ASPIRATION" (Ealing, W.) is shortly leaving school and wants to take up an occupation that will give him opportunities for speaking in public. What about Town Crier, and what price auctioneering?

A. L. (Hull) AND MANY OTHERS call our attention to the question of speed on ocean liners. It will be seen that we are not losing sight of the matter.

"FLODDEN FIELD."—Would it not be better to send the Scots back to the North of Ireland, where they originally came from? The problems of Irish and Scotch Home Rule could then be settled at one and the same time. What a shemozzle there would be in Ulster!

J. R. (Barnsley) AND MANY OTHERS send us a cutting from the *Yorkshire Telegraph and Star*, containing a letter signed "Horatio," calling attention to our warnings at the time of the launching of the *Olympic*. We thought we were the only survivor of Porsena's siege of Rome. By the way, we congratulate J. R. on securing the Football Cup—but if only the "Orient" had been in the final!

"TYRELLA" (Manchester).—When we spoke of the Ulster rebels we were of course, using the phrase in a colloquial sense. We quite agree that Ulstermen have always been loyal to th Union.

O. R. H.—You will be safe in sending your subscription to the Matron of "The Blue Lamp," Great Pulteney Street, Soho, London, W.

H. H. L. (Cardiff) sends a Yankee "Description of Life," but we have no dictionary handy and cannot translate "chump," "raises a check," "grafter," "donate," "tight-wad" and other mysterious expressions. We agree with the obvious proposition that "man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will," but we wish Yankees would learn English.

W. A. N. (Serang).—Glad to hear we are so popular in the Federated Malay States. We seem to run amok all over the world.

G. P. (Leytonstone).—We are still without news of the "comic referendum" in West Ham, on the Insurance Act, but perhaps other readers will enable us to share the joke.

H. W. W. (Long Eaton).—We are not often enamoured of misprints in newspapers, but "Official Deceiver in the Bankruptcy Court" tickles us just now.

"SYMPATHISER" (Chancery Lane) wants to know about Smith's Charities. It appears that one Henry Smith died in 1627 and left a large sum of money to be invested for the relief of the poor of his kindred. Now it is suggested that the trustees publish no accounts and hesitate before relieving anybody. No doubt the Smiths are a large family and kinship must be difficult to prove, but we will consult F. E. on the matter.

V. H. (Broadway) sends discouraging accounts of emigrants' hardships in Western Australia. It is evidently a place for none but the sturdiest, and even they find great difficulty in securing employment.

MRS. L. H. (Burton-in-Lonsdale) says, "There are plenty of people only too glad to help a girl to retrieve her character. I would do it myself at once, provided I were sure the girl had a real desire to undo the past." But can the past ever be undone? And how are these kind helpers to be found? They do not grow on every blackberry bush.

A. L. D. (Buenos Ayres).—We have often heard that "it is unsafe even in broad daylight for an unprotected female to walk in the streets" out there. Indeed, we have referred to the scandal more than once. We are glad to hear that none of the unfortunates are British, but surely this requires confirmation.

R. B. (Hong Kong) overheard a bluejacket exclaiming "Really, the angles of the ship's oscillations are assuming alarming proportions." Grog evidently moves men in a mysterious way. We wonder what one of Nelson's tars would have said to such euphuism.

A. K. (Bristol) has made some important discoveries during an illness of twenty years. One is that "consumption is not so much a disease as like a tree dying for the want of water only—three parts." Consumption of what? Another is that, for a satisfactory marriage, "it must be Two! It must be one female and one male. It must be a pair joined together by law and love. Two females cannot marrie. Two males cannot marrie. Neither can one person be married." This is worthy of Lord Avebury in his most philosophic mood.

MRS. A. P. (Lower Bebington).—We deeply sympathise with you, but are afraid that your statement of the maltreatment of your mother in the hospital in question is not sufficiently corroborated to warrant publication. You must remember that what you say would doubtless be absolutely denied by the medical men—who always hang together.

A. B. (Vancouver), AND OTHER READERS are sighing for the return of "Jane Ann." As a matter of fact, she went off some time ago with "Jim Crow," but we are preparing the fatted calf for her return!

L. F. H. (Southend) sends us copy of an account, sent by the Managers of the local Technical School, for five shillings for "extra fee for non-attendance at evening class in carpentry," and calls our attention to the announcement, printed in bold type, "All fees are strictly payable in advance." He thinks this deserves a Biscuit. We gladly award a bun.

C. F. W. (London) says that we gave "stamp collectors a nasty jar in one of our paragraphs, but it had its useful side as well." That is the common characteristic of all our jars.

E. F. B. (Ludlow) takes exception to our recent references to "converted" boys, and tells us that a class he used to conduct in connection with the Bristol Wesleyan Mission "could run and jump and play cricket or football" as well as any worldly boy. But we like worldly boys!

"MARCONI" (Wexford) writes:—"Please let me know . . . full particulars of how you could become a Marconi operator." But *we* don't want to become a Marconi operator. If, however, he is also interested on his own account, he had better write to the Marconi Company.

"WATERFORD" (Ireland) complains because none of our £2-prizes reach Waterford, and suggests that this is another injustice to Ireland. Never mind. Our Hibernian brothers will be receiving their £2,000,000 a year from the English Exchequer presently.

"AN OLD READER" (Stourbridge).—We know nothing about the Spanish State lottery, but if you have been tempted to waste any of your money in tickets, all we will say is, aren't the Spanish fly?

"HOPEFUL" (Islington).—As you live there you should know better than we do whether there is a dramatic club in or near Islington. Turn up the local directory, or ask a policeman.

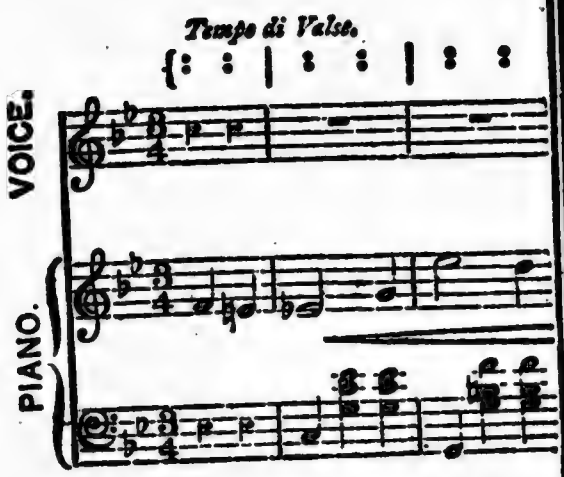
A. R. (Herne).—Mother Shipton's last prophecy was the end of the world, the safest and easiest prophecy anyone can make. One can scarcely be cross with the prophet if it does not come off.

WE SHALL be pleased to receive, for Muriel Kathleen Butler, aged 9, any votes for the June election for the Commercial Travellers' Schools, Pinner. The case is a thoroughly deserving one, and senders of proxies may be sure that their kindness will not be misplaced.

"PAUPER" (Sutton) tells us that our recent comments upon the Belmont Workhouse had the effect of considerably improving matters there, which we are delighted to hear.

H. C. L.—B. (Herne Hill) is mistaken in thinking that prisoners pleading *in forma pauperis* are entitled to be defended by the most able counsel in the land. But we agree that it was callous of a contemporary to rejoice over the safety of first class passengers on the *Titanic*, and take no interest in poorer ones. Very likely the remark was merely due to stupidity.

[We are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

**"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 578*

A NEW WEEKLY FEATURE.

A POPULAR SONG

WORDS AND **MUSIC**

included in each issue.

Begins in this week's

MRS. BULL

NOW ON SALE - ONE PENNY.

Which contains one of the most popular successes—charming in words and melody. The demand for this week's issue is enormous. Secure your copy at once. Buy it NOW.

Brainine Recharges All Impaired Nerves, Imparting New Energy.

Brainine—The Great Tonic for "Nerves."
Brainine—Free from strychnine or any other poisonous drug.
Brainine—Goes straight to the Brain.
Brainine—The need of every Worker.
Brainine—Invaluable to all Sufferers.
Brainine—The need of every Thinker.
Brainine—For Sleeplessness and Irritability.
Brainine—The friend of every household.

A STRIKING TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., says, "I derived much benefit from BRAININE during my recent illness."

1/1½ *Brainine* 2/9

Is sold in Tubes, at 1/1½ and 2/9, and can be obtained at all Boots "The Cash" Chemists branches. Taylors Drug Stores, etc., or your local chemists can obtain it for you. If, however, you have any difficulty in procuring a supply, fill in this order-form and post direct to us with remittance for 1/1½ or 2/9; the latter contains three times the quantity.

Order Form.

To THE BRAININE COMPANY, 2, Marsham Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

Please forward me a supply of BRAININE, for which I enclose P.O. for 1/1½ or 2/9.

Name.....

Address (in full) .....

.....

State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.....

OUR GREAT COMPETITION.

CAN YOU HIT THE BULL'S EYE?

PRELIMINARY TRIAL.

We have instituted what we believe will be a very popular competition, in which all may join, consisting of

HITTING THE BULL'S EYE,

and we hope as soon as the competition is in working order to be able to award prizes amounting to

£500 PER WEEK,

and later on, as the number of entries increases, to raise the amount to

£1,000 PER WEEK.

In the meantime, we have decided upon an Experimental Co-operative Scheme under which Competitors shall provide a Fund, THE WHOLE OF WHICH—FREE OF ANY DEDUCTION FOR EXPENSES—*will be distributed as follows :—*

1st PRIZE, 25 per cent.;
2nd PRIZE, 15 per cent.;
3rd PRIZE, 10 per cent.;

And Fifty Prizes of 1 per cent. for the best attempts to HIT THE BULL'S EYE.

The competition consists in completing any one of the unfinished Bull's Eyes appearing below. The answers must be crisp and to the point, and the prizes will be awarded to those readers who, in the judgment of the Editor—whose decision is to be absolutely final—hit the Bull's Eye in the clearest and sharpest form. The other Bull's Eyes will guide them as to the style they should adopt, and the finishing of the incomplete ones should afford much amusement and, at the same time, instruction.

All Bull's Eyes must be sent in on the form on this page, and a postal order for 6d. must accompany each coupon. Postal orders must be made payable to JOHN BULL *and crossed "& Co." Competitors sending more than one Coupon may enclose one Postal Order for the full amount to cover the whole of the Coupons, at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon. Write your name and address on the back of the Postal Order, and also put the number of the Postal Order on the Coupon. Coupon will be found on this page. Not more than* TWO *attempts may appear on any* ONE COUPON *and the Sixpence covers the entrance fee of both. Any Bull's Eye may be varied any number of times.*

The Bull's Eyes selected for the Competition are numbered, and it is not necessary to repeat the printed portion of the lines, as long as the numbers are mentioned on the coupons.

We wish it to be understood that the prizes will be awarded strictly on MERIT *and without any regard to the population of towns, or any other ulterior consideration. Competitors, however, should bear in mind that* NOVELTY *is an important consideration in selecting the successful Bull's Eyes.*

BULL'S EYES.

Can the Church "hold its own" in Wales?
Isn't the "Board" of Trade a "rotten plank" to trust to?
Doesn't a lisp pronounce "unsinkable" correctly?

An Underground Railway announces its "full train service" will be resumed. Why not "Straphanging as usual"?

1. Isn't the Insurance Act already so clear that people can . . . .

Chili II. won the City and Suburban. Those who did not back it felt chilly too.

An "Electric Lunch for Fourpence" is nothing wonderful; you can get a currant bun for one penny.

2. "A lover is a bold giver," says John Oxenham. Yes, he often . . . . . .

"The Cup and the Lip" has just been published. The author should present copies to the West Bromwich Football team.

Six million leaflets and pamphlets have been issued to explain the Insurance Act. The public will learn to its cost.

3. Gray has to pay John Roberts £1,500. It is a good thing he can . . . .

The servant girl who was dismissed for throwing kisses to cabmen doubtless hoped that one of them would be "struck."

The conductor of New York's one-armed orchestra should have plenty of "right-hand" men.

A Harvard professor asserts that women lose their beauty by talking too much. We suspect he is married.

4. "Do Judges doze?" asks an evening paper. Well, they are sometimes . . . .

RESULT OF THE SECOND COMPETITION.

Our Bull's Eye Competition continues to excite the interest of our readers. Although not quite £50 was subscribed, we have again increased the prize money to that amount.

After careful consideration, we have decided to divide the first three prizes equally between :—

MR. W. E. STEVENSON,
61, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.,
MR. W. B. CROXFORD,
3, Newborough Avenue, Greenband Rd., Liverpool, and
MR. E. P. LUCKING,
12, Minstead Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham,

in respect of the termination printed in italics to the following Bull's Eye :—

"The Essex man who has worked on one farm for sixty years evidently knows how to *mind his "peas" and "coos,"*

and

MISS K. MASSON,
305, St. Ann's Road, Harringay, N.,
MR. ALF G. SMITH,
95, Stanley Road, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport,
MR. H. GRAHAM,
c.o. J. Kingston, 4, Plymton Road, Brondesbury, and
MR. H. DIXON,
9, Wordsworth Parade, Green Lanes, Harringay, N.,

in respect of the termination of the following Bull's Eye :—

"Dr. Cook has been telling his story to blind people in Toronto. Yet even they *winked the other eye.*"

The following competitors are also awarded prizes of 1 per cent. (10s.) each :—

E. Buckle, Battenberg, Malton, Yorks; J. M. Pletts, 5, Heene Terrace, Worthing; G. Bishop, 8, Maryland Road, Paddington; H. Smith, 107 Harwood Road, Fulham, S.W.; J. Denness, Mizpah House, York Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; E. Lane, Oakley Hall, Cirencester, Glos.; A. Morgan, 27, Macfarlane Road, Shepherd's Bush; H. Such, Whitley House, Queen's Road, Hounslow; A. Haverson, 18, Manor Road, Romford; F. J. Munday, 11a, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.; W. Larking, 4, Dorset Crescent, Lillie Road, S.E.; F. Nelder, King's Road, Haslemere, Surrey; J. W Addison, Dodds Farm, Blackmore, Essex; C. L. Thrippleton, 19 Dorset Road, Leeds; J. T. Timpson, 35, Park Road, Wellingborough; L. Jordan, 15, Aldensley Road, Hammersmith, W.; R. G. S. Metzger, 41, Priory Park Road, Kilburn, N.W.; Len Delmar, 66, High Street, Neyland, S. Wales; G. G. Newstead, 4, Sheepcote Road, Harrow; Mr. J. Turton, St Heliers, London Road, Wokingham; J. Kilroy, Custom House, Stranraer; J. R. Findlay, 6, Clark Road, Trinity, Edinburgh; E. S. Dice, 5, Kingscliffe Gardens, Wimbledon Park Road, S.W.; J. Evans, 80, Eaton Road, Brynhyfryd, Swansea; A. W. Dolland, Westcroft, Salisbury Road, Carlshalton; F. W. Gill, 131, Church Street, Lower Edmonton, N.; Mrs. F. Royles, 29, Montague Street, Russell Square, W.C.; M. Rand, Hunt Bridge House, Matlock; W. Newman, 46, Windmill Lane, Reddish, Stockport; D. D. Browning, Parklea Cottage, Elderslie; F. Jump, 82 Nelson Street, Manchester; E. Roberts, Gwelfor, Llanllyfni, Carnarvonshire; N. Lockwood, 1, The Grove, Westgate-on-Sea; G. H. France, 89, Argyle Road, Meersbrook, Sheffield; J. Sharp, 26, Hillside Street, Edinburgh; Miss Bates, Agecroft House, Edward Street, Nuneaton; E. W. Wills, 20, Hamilton Gardens, Plymouth; F. W. Beresford, 5, Trinity Avenue, Sale, Manchester; A. M. Mitchel, 207, Charles Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; Mrs. M. Haycroft, Wallis Down, Bournemouth; L. Andross, 139, Dull Street, Liverpool; A. Thomson, 106, High Street, Wandsworth, S.W.; W. Wood, 140, Lambton Road, Wimbledon; T. Martin, 87, High Road, Chiswick, W.; H. Kenner, Tor Park, Lydford, Devon; A. Lofthouse, Mile House, Bagby, Thirsk; T. W. H. Watkins, 24, Pekin Street, Poplar, E.; J. D. Murray, 17, Hillside Street, Edinburgh; V. Douglas Jones, The Croft, Wickham, Hants.; J. Bools, Royal Oak, Bridgend, Glam.; Capt. Trapmann, The Brambles, Wargrave, Berkshire.

BULL'S EYE COUPON.

Postal Order No. JOHN BULL, *May* 4, 1912.

I enter JOHN BULL *Bull's Eye Competition (issue May 4, 1912) on the terms stated in such issue.*

Name _____

Address _____

_____

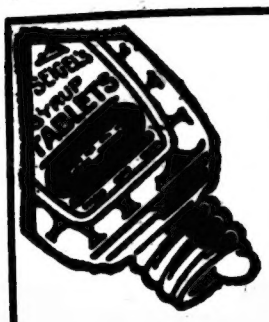
I select Bull's Eye No. *and suggest the following finish :—*

Not more than 12 words. _____

I select Bull's Eye No. *and suggest the following finish :—*

Not more than 12 words. _____

Competitors need not select more than one Bull's Eye unless they care to do so. Postal Order for Sixpence must accompany this Coupon and be crossed "& Co." Coupon must be sent not later than WEDNESDAY NEXT, *May 8th, to Bull's Eye Editor.* JOHN BULL, 93 *and* 94, *Long Acre, London, W.C.*



MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

TABLETS

Don't be a spectre at the feast. Don't check the flow of wit and cast a gloomy shadow on the company. Don't let pass the best dishes as things to be dreaded. IT ISN'T NECESSARY. No, not if you have in your waistcoat pocket a bottle of Mother Seigel's TABLETS. This world-renowned remedy for Indigestion and all Stomach Troubles in Tablet form is prepared from exactly the same formula and has the same remarkable curative properties as the Syrup, which has been before the public for more than 40 years, during which time it has built up a solid reputation upon CURES it has effected. In this concentrated form it is more convenient for the use of business men and travellers. Keep a bottle in YOUR waistcoat pocket.

CURE

If you suffer from indigestion, pains after eating, heartburn, acidity or other stomach troubles, Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets will cure you. They have cured thousands of others, and why not you? Made from roots, herbs, and barks of proved curative value, they act gently, safely, surely, on stomach, liver and bowels, cleansing the system and promoting sound, healthy digestion. Ask your friends: they know.

INDIGESTION

AND ALL

STOMACH TROUBLES.

PRICE 2/9. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE

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DEPARTMENT OF

FARROW'S BANK Ltd.

Deals only with the leading members of the STOCK EXCHANGE, and is prepared to buy or sell Stocks and Shares for its CUSTOMERS OR THE PUBLIC.

The Department is in direct telephone communication with the Stock Exchange and is in consequence enabled to deal at the closest possible market price, and offers EXTENSIVE FACILITIES to investors throughout the Kingdom.

NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET POST FREE.

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1, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

☞ *Instructions for deals in Options, Margins or Covers are not accepted.*

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Hapgoods' Organisation is a Brain Market—a Market for High-Grade Ability. If you have a Special Knowledge or Aptitude which fits you to occupy a Responsible Position in any capacity—if you have Ability which is above the Average and you want to market it to the best advantage—write us to-day for details of our Service—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

BUCHANAN'S WHISKY

"BLACK

—&—

WHITE"

The Highest Standard of QUALITY.

5,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

—wore the "Selfridge" Ready-for-Service Flannel Trousers last season. These Trousers are, we believe, the utmost value obtainable anywhere in London, they are so made that they "clip" at the waist line, doing away with the necessity for that constant "hitching up," yet there is ample room where necessary. They have neat serviceable straps and buckles at hips, small loops for belt and finished with permanently turned-up bottoms: also fitted with our safety pockets that effectually prevent their contents falling out while the wearer is in a reclining position

Made from unshrinkable Materials, in White, three shades of Grey and two shades of Lovat Green, in 55 different fittings, and moderately priced at, a pair, 13/-

Send for Patterns and Booklet.

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD.,

OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

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THE WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

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As they could not improve the QUALITY They have increased the QUANTITY

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, "*Double U. L.*" *of* LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.]

Prophetic.

The One Thousand Guineas, by common consent, is a "walk-over" for BELLEISLE.

At Thirsk, CLIFTON HILL may run to show that there *was* justification for the "terrible tip" for him last week, while on Thursday, at the little Hambledon Hunt meeting, MIND THE STEP—who was the prize racehorse in *Lotinga's Weekly* sporting competition—runs, and should win the Exton Plate. At Alexandra Park, on Saturday, if the ZIRIA colt (who is not to be named until he does win) contests the 3-year-old handicap, he will go close, and so, too, ACCURATE—despite weight—in the Alexandra Handicap.

The Chester Cup will be decided before our next issue. It is left to a very bad lot for so valuable a race, and Epsom seems to wipe out more than half the field. The only possible, who finished a long way behind Accurate, is

RENOWN,

who was never so near the leaders as at the finish. On some sort of form, and as he unquestionably stays, Duke of Sparta might be dangerous, while Subterranean has been specially saved for the race, but I am inclined to give Renown another chance, in the hope that his jockey will lie up more, although he is a big leggy colt for this course.

A very much better thing to wager upon is

UNCLE PAT

EACH WAY, for the Lincoln second *will* unquestionably make atonement in the Jubilee Handicap, the course, the distance and the stronger handling all being in his favour. Moreover, during the recent spell of hard ground the Jevington Downs gave a big advantage to his trainer, and we can assuredly look for a really popular success.

OUR £2,000 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

The Consolation Prize of £25 in our FOOTBALL THREE RESULTS No. 16 Competition, has been awarded to:—

MR. J. ALBON, 104, Dorset Road, Clapham, S.W.,

who gave all the winning teams with the actual scores in three instances.

While the Consolation Prize in our FOOTBALL FORECAST H Competition goes to:—

MR. HENRY SCARD, Stratford House, Peasland Road, Sidmouth. Devon,

who was successful in predicting 15 winners out of a possible 20.

Many of our readers appear to be labouring under the hallucination that they are entitled to a prize in our No. 14 Competition. If they would only use a little common sense in studying the conditions, they would soon find out that their claims are entirely baseless.

No time like the present.

A shabby appearance is a serious drawback and a heavy handicap in the struggle for success. There is no need whatever to put off ordering a new rig-out; the **Graves 35/- Suit** is the greatest achievement in popular priced tailoring which the clothing trade has to offer, and our equitable easy payment system enables you to have your suit immediately, and spread the cost over several months. All the essentials of a well planned, comfortable and stylish suit are put into the **Graves 35/- Style.** The materials are reliable and of handsome appearance; the suit is cleverly cut, carefully tailored, and trimmed and finished in perfect taste. This is a high-grade clothing offer into which it will pay you to look without delay. **There is no time like the present.**

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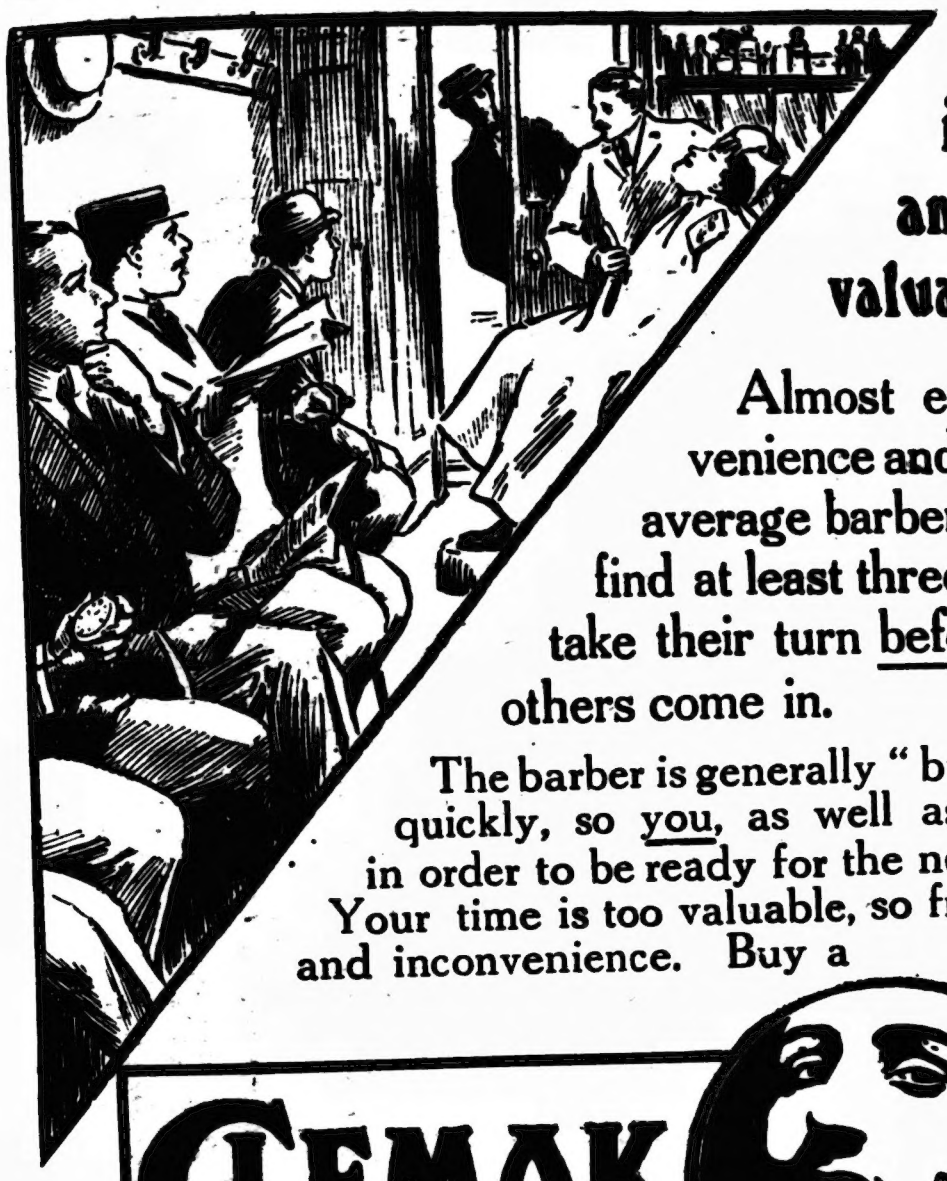

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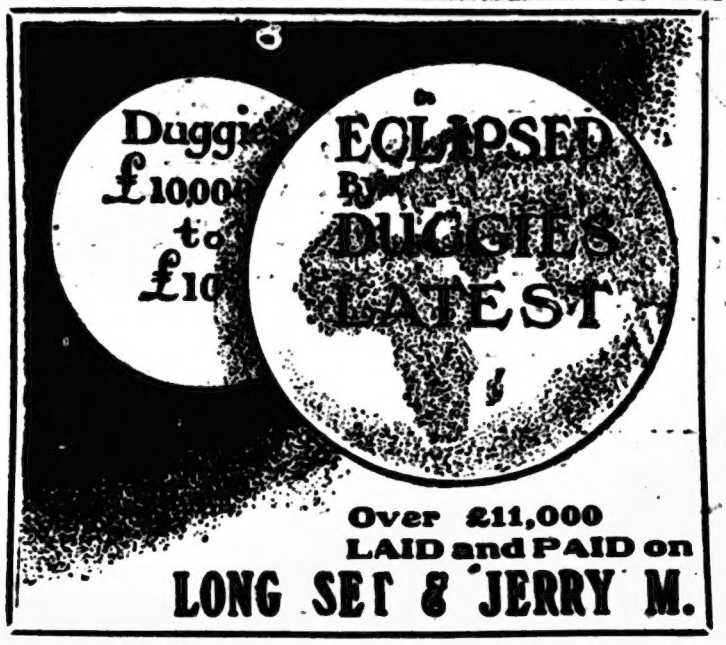

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